TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

VOL. LI. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1883. NO. 52

Poetry.

For the Blade.

TWO NIGHTS BY THE OHIO.

BY LIDA RACHETT.

I.—A WINTER NIGHT.

The full moon's light
Was all a-quiver
Upon the river
Bright, silent, and white.
The wooded hill lay dark,
Save where the beacon's spark
In kindly warning shone;
The murmured monotone
Of waves that seemed
As though they dreamed,
Entranced by the moon-maid's spell,
So soft and slow the swell
In which they rose and fell,
Came to me as I stood;
And from the leafy wood,
Crowning the further shore,
A sound was wafted o'er:
The sound of singing,
Loud, lost, and ringing,
Loud and shrill—
The song of Whippoorwill,
His wild mate calling,
Kissing and falling.
The notes rang from the hill—
"Whippoorwill!"

Sadly the wild notes wailed,
Until his love prevailed,
And wooed her to his side,
His dainty little bride.
Then glad and gay,
He sang away
To sweetest notes
Of feathered throats—
"Whippoorwill!"
And, echoed far and near,
Over the great, dark hill,
The song rose sweet and clear—
"Whippoorwill!"

II.—A WINTER NIGHT.

Faintly shone the stars
From the cold sky;
The young moon, shy,
Half hidden by black bars
Of cloud, peeped out, and laid
A narrow, steely blade,
A cold and cruel lance,
Across the ice-spanned river;
I saw that slim blade glance,
And flash, and fade, and quiver.
But, brightly though it gleamed,
A hateful thing it seemed,
As 'twere the word of Death,
Even then, his bitter breath
Sighed o'er the wooded hill,
Passed on, and all was still.
Clinton, Allegheny County, Pa.

For the Blade.

DESPAIR NOT.

BY L. MAY HEBERLING.

Oh, ye who toil and strive
For glory, power, and fame,
Who in life's great turmoil,
Seek for a living name,
Despair not, but be sure
Success will crown your aim.

Oh, ye on whom Fate's scorn
Has cast its fearful blight,
Whose early beauteous morn
Has changed to gloomiest night,
Despair not, but be sure
Darkness will turn to light.

Oh, ye who watch the flowers
Of Summer fade and die,
Who listen to the winds
Of Autumn sadly sigh,
Despair not, soon again
Fair Spring will paint your sky.

Oh, ye to whom life seems
A promise unfulfilled,
Whose fairest hopes and dreams
By anguish have been killed,
Know that your grief—though wild,
Will very soon be stilled.

Oh, ye whose hearts recall,
With sorrow pleasures fled,
To whom sad memory brings
Sweet joys that now are dead,
Despair not, but be sure
Bright days remain ahead.

Oh, ye who ever bear
Na ure's remorseless frown,
Whose pain no hope can soothe,
No dream completely drown,
Look to a happy clime,
Where sorrow is unknown.

THE DEATH OF SCHILLER.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

'Tis said, when Schiller's death drew nigh,
The wish possessed his mighty mind,
To wander forth wherever lie
The homes and haunts of humankind.

Then strayed the poet, in his dreams,
By Rome and Egypt's ancient graves;
When up the New World's forest streams,
Stood in the Hindoo's temple-caves;

Walked with the Pawnee, fierce and stark,
The sallow Tartar, midst his herds,
The roving Chippewa, and the dark,
False Malay, uttering gentle words.

How could he rest? even then he trod
The threshold of the world unknown;
Already, from the seat of God,
A ray upon his garments shone;

Shone and awoke the strong desire
For love and knowledge reached not here,
Till freed by death, his soul of fire
Sprang to a fairer, ampler sphere.

Travel.

DOES PROHIBITION PROHIBIT?

Rum in Maine.

BY D. R. LOCKE.

II.

HOW LIQUOR IS SOLD.

As I said, there is not an open bar in Portland, but liquor is yet sold to some extent. Prohibition, enforced as far as possible, for 30 years, has not completely changed the appetite of the old inhabitants, nor has it been able, entirely, to control the constant stream of new comers. There are many French Canadians who will have rum if it is possible to procure it, and the Irish population are equally determined, and a thousand times more ingenious in the same direction.

Therefore, rum is sold, but to what extent?

The three principal hotels in the City have bars, which are accessible, and where almost anybody can procure intoxicants. The way it is done is this:

The law gives the Sheriff the power to seize liquor wherever he finds it and to search wherever he suspects it. A seizure implies the destruction of whatever liquor is found, and a fine of $100 and costs for the first offense, and six months imprisonment for the second.

Now the great hotels care nothing for the fine. The charge for liquors at their bars is about 33 per cent. more than in Cities where the trade in it is free, and as it is impossible that they should be seized every day, the fine is nothing. They make that up in the increased price of the liquor.

These bars are not as in New York or Boston, on the first floor and in the most conspicuous part of the house. They do not have great plate glass windows, nor are they fitted up in the most gorgeous style with long bars with mahogany and silver rails, filled with cut-glass and with mirrors, and costly pictures upon the walls and rich carpets on the floors. They are not gorgeous loafing places for young men holding out their hands invitingly to the passer-by, Not at all.

DEVIOUS WAYS.

To get at them you require the services of a guide. You go down a long and a short flight of stairs, you turn to the left and then to the right, and then to the left again, and you go up a short flight of stairs, and in the darkest and most dismal part of the premises you stand in front of a small door upon which no sign indicating the nature of the business done within is displayed.

Entering you are in a dismal gas-lighted room, into which the light of day never penetrates, not more than 20 feet long by 12 wide. There is a very cheap counter, no seats, and no lunches or any of the other allurements of the modern bar. There is the usual hair-plastered, dollar jewelried insect, behind a cheap bar, and back of him are a half-dozen bottles. They dare not keep much liquor in sight, for when the Sheriff comes and seizes it, it is gone.

At the bar you shall see two or three dissolute looking men, who may be hackmen, and generally one man of an elderly aspect, who is making some sort of an effort to hold on to his fast-receding respectability, but who is in the grasp of an appetite that is inexorable, and who takes all this trouble to gratify it,

IT FITS ALL AROUND.

The place is fit for the business, and the business is fit for the place. It is the grimmest, hardest, most metallic fact in the world. Whoso comes here comes not for pleasure. There is none of the glamour of light and pleasure about it. It is no place in which to sing convivial songs to the accompaniment of ringing glasses, or listen to amusing stories. It is no place for the quick repartee or the ready reply. There is no flavor of humor or enjoyment in the place. One would as soon think of jesting at a funeral or of laughing at a sick bed. It is the incarnation of stern, desperate gloom. Whoso comes here, comes to swallow a given amount of alcohol, in response to a demand which he cannot resist. He treads these stairs and these devious windings, and comes to this moral charnel-house, to gratify the gnawing devil which he has not strength enough to exorcise. He swallows the poison in a gloomy way; he lays down his money and gets away as soon as possible, glad to get into the open air, where there is something light and pleasant.

Even the bar keeper is depressed and looks as though he would be glad to get out of it, but he cannot. In no other way can he make a living without work, and the poor wretch accepts this entombment rather than to wield a pick or starve on the streets.

A Boston gentleman who does drink occasionally in his own City, explored one hotel for his morning sustainer.

"Does prohibition prohibit?" said he, "I should say so. Did it require the trouble to get liquor in Boston that it does here, and were it only sold in such horrible places, I should never touch the stuff. I should as soon think of going into a receiving vault in a cemetery for liquor."

RAIDING.

The bars of the principal hotels in Portland are raided regularly. When the Sheriff makes his appearance they conceal as much of the liquor as possible and submit to the seizure of the rest. The bar-keeper goes to the Police Station, he affirms that he rents the place and that the proprietor of the hotel is not the proprietor of the room, he pays his fine and is discharged. Then he goes back and continues selling till he has reason to expect another call from the Sheriff when he decamps. He can stand the fine for the first offense, for the proprietor of the hotel pays that, but he don't like the imprisonment. The Sheriff comes and finds another hair-plastered apology for a man behind the bar, and he is arrested and pays his fine, or the proprietor does it for him, and so it goes on.

Occasionally the Sheriff manages to catch the fellow the second time, but they keep a sharp look-out and as a rule get away.

The effect of this is equally balanced between good and evil. It sends any number of these fellows out of the State but, then, an equal number come in to take their places. It is so in everything. The percentage of good there is in the regular moving of these beings is the liability to railroad accidents. In the constant change some of them must be killed. However, I don't know as that is an advantage. Were they to stay in one place they would drink themselves to death. It is about a standoff.

HOW THEY DREAD IT.

To show the mortal dread the hotel men have of the law is evidenced by the following letter, addressed by the proprietor of one of the principal hotels to Gen. Dow, only a few days ago:

"I wish to make a letter explanation feeling that an honorable man like yourself, and a man that has done so much good in this State and the country at large, would not knowingly injure any one.

"I understand that parties have been to you and told you that I am, or was, allowing a man to run an open bar, and in a conspicuous place. This is a very unjust statement, as there is no bar run by the house, and the house has never paid a fine for any man. The place where the liquors have been kept is a little dark room, or closet, in the cellar of the house, and the officers will tell you that when they found any, it has been in this place, and lighted by gas only, and no person could find it without a great deal of trouble. And the intention is that no one but guests of the house will find it, but sometimes there will be a man in company with a guest of the house get that which he should not."

Now I know of my own personal knowledge that the statement of this man to Gen. Dow is not true in any particular In company with a gentleman from Boston, not a guest at the house, and entire strangers to every one connected with it, we inquired for the bar. We were directed to it, by an attache of the house, in the most matter-of-fact way. It was difficult to find, and when we came to it, it was in a dark, gas-lighted room, but it was a bar all the same. And liquor was bought and paid for, the bar keeper knowing that we were not guests of the house, and moreover he was a very communicative young man, and he very kindly explained to us the methods of evading the law.

The proprietor wrote to Gen. Dow, appealing to his well known goodness of heart, and hoped thereby to secure immunity from seizure. It didn't work, however.

The principal hotels do violate the law regularly and will, till the Prohibitionists get an amendment to the law, *making it imprisonment for the first offense*, ane fines for succeeding ones. That will be done it is hoped this winter, and that done the business is closed forever. They can afford to pay the fine for they get that out of their customers, but they will not risk imprisonment.

CLUBS.

There are two clubs in Portland in which liquor can be had by the members only. They are not disturbed, as the process would be long and tedious, and as liquor is not exposed for sale it is doubtful if the law could reach them, were it invoked for their suppression.

Formerly, that is some years ago, there were hundreds of drinking clubs in the City. Parties of men who thought they wanted liquor would organize a club, rent premises, fit them up and stock them with liquors. Each member had a pass-key, and he could go there and drink all he saw fit.

They were fitted up according to the means and tastes of the members. The well to-do furnished them luxuriously, and took all the papers and made them comfortable places of resort. Laborers and poor men simply had a room, with a keg of whisky, and totally unfurnished.

These flourished for a time, but the Legislature passed an act declaring them nuisances, and brought them under the iron grip of the Sheriff's officers. They were speedily closed out, and none of them are in existence to-day.

WHERE LIQUOR IS SOLD.

Where else is liquor sold in Portland? It would puzzle anyone but a detective to answer that question. Liquor *is* sold. There is no doubt about it. The police reports testify to that. However, as the law makes it the duty of the officers to seize and confiscate it wherever found, it requires much skill and trouble to get it into the State. The railroads are watched, and the strictest espionage is had over the boats. But the dealers in the stuff manage to smuggle a great deal of it into the Cities. The Portland dealer in flour arranges with the house in Boston from which he gets his supplies. The Boston liquor dealer sends his kegs of whisky to the Boston flour house and it is packed in a flour barrel and goes forward with a shipment of flour. When the shipment of, say 50 barrels, reaches the Portland flour merchant, a certain number of them has liquor hidden within, and it is transferred in the night to the party ordering it, and from thence distributed to the retailers. Liquor comes to the City in nail kegs, and in all sorts of packages.

But this care and secrecy, combined with the danger of seizure, which means a total loss, makes the traffic exceedingly precarious, and despite the prices obtained of the consumer, it does not pay very largely The law has it so environed that it is far from profitable.

THE MODUS OPERANDI.

An Irish woman, known to her countrymen as a dealer in the liquors, has a room in the rear of her miserable dwelling fitted up something like a bar. She has one bottle of whisky and a few bottles of rum in sight, but over them she has a weight suspended by a string, and under, a tub filled with water in which the whisky, the sprinkling can of beer is overset on the floor, and the evidence is destroyed.

They search the house for liquor and sometimes find it. One man had dug through his cellar wall and made an opening sufficient to hold a small stock. The door to this opening was a huge double affair, filled with sand, so that tapping the wall would not betray the fact that there was an opening, and the door itself was painted so close an imitation of stone as to make detection almost impossible. It would not have been discovered but for the man who painted it. He babbled in his drink. He took too much of the stuff which his genius had concealed, and betrayed the concealment. Thus evil is made to work good.

Another woman had her cellar paved with flat stones, and under one particular stone the earth had been removed sufficiently to hold a large stock of the stuff.

Other methods for concealment are employed, One woman has it hidden in privies, another under beds, others in stables and in every place inaccessible to the lynx-eyed officers of the law.

One woman carried a flat bottle in her stocking from which she supplied her customers, and the officer who got upon her track had an amusing time of it to make the seizure. She professed her innocence of the charge and was anxious to accompany him to the station, but first she would retire into the next room to change her dress. To this the officer consented, only he would go with her. She wanted an opportunity to get rid of the fatal bottle—it was her second offense and the penalty this time would be six months in jail. That failing, she insisted upon several changes of location, the point being to get away from him till she could break the bottle. The officer was inflexible. Like Naomi, where she went he would go also. Finally she dropped the bottle and went.

She languished six months in jail, and her business was closed up.

Another woman carried two flat bottles under her skirts, at her hips, and it required the services of two women employed in the department to bring the bottles to the light of day, in the Police Station. When her customers called for their drinks, she would hoist her dress and produce the bottles. Where 20 cents was involved she had no special delicacy. There isn't any delicacy in rum, either in buyer or seller, It is demoralizing all the way through.

THE CONFISCATION ROOM.

A very encouraging sight is the storeroom in the Sheriff's office, where seized liquor is held till the legal formalities are gone through with. If liquor seized can be proven to have been brought into the State for legitimate purposes, it is returned to the owner, but if not it is destroyed. In the store-room is piled up barrels of whisky, kegs of brandy, barrels and kegs of beer, beer in bottles, and ale in bottles, Holland gin in barrels and kegs, rum in all sorts of packages, champagne and all sorts of wine, enough to stock a very large liquor store, to say nothing of the bottles, jugs and demijohns.

This liquor has been seized in houses, at the railroad freight houses, at the Express offices and at the boat landings. There are four officers under the Sheriff whose sole business it is to keep the City clear of liquors They have nothing else to do, that is their only business and they are selected men who are to be trusted. They receive offers of bribes daily from those interested in liquor, but they are as earnest in the good work as Neal Dow himself, and bribery has no effect upon them.

When liquor is finally condemned, these officers roll the barrels up to the mouth of a gaping sewer in the room, and the spigot is turned and down it goes through into the sea, its power for evil finally and forever ended.

It is a glorious sight to see the dark stream of death flow out into a channel where it can do no harm. It is a fearful waste of property, but better the stone sewer than the throat of flesh. The sewer has no brain to muddle, no wife or children to starve.

HOW MUCH THEY DO.

The extent of the work done by these officers may be inferred from the following statement:

During the month of Jauuary, 1883, there were 93 seizures made, which yielded 270 gallons of rum, 7 of gin, 201 of whisky, 1,340 of ale, and 661 of beer. During the month of October of the same year there were 140 seizures, the distilled liquors running about in the same proportion, but the ale account swelling to 3,095 gallons. During the 11 months of the year there were collected in fines something over $8,000. This went into the City Treasury, the salaries of the officers being included in the costs.

Now, this amount of stuff seized would at first sight argue against the good effect of Prohibition as a restraining power.

It is the strongest possible statement in favor of it. Give liquor free course and there would be consumed in Portland annually not less than $1,250,000 of the stuff, compared with which the amount brought in is a mere drop in the bucket.

It is safe to say that the Government seizes the half that is imported, and if so, the amount escaping their vigilance and actually consumed must be very trifling indeed.

SHOPS THAT ESCAPE SEIZURE.

In one street in the City—Center street—there are four places where the officers know that liquors are sold, but so far the sellers have been successful in avoiding seizure. It is a short street, and a watch is maintained by the doggeries at both ends. There is but one entrance to the houses in which liquors are kept, and in the doors are bull's eyes through which every one essaying to enter is scanned before he is admitted. The moment an officer enters the street a signal is given and the liquor within is either destroyed or securely hidden.

One favorite method of avoiding fines is to take what little they may have on hand over the back fence and deposit it upon a consenting neighbor's lot. The confederate neighbor swears he knows nothing about it, and so all the officers get is the liquid. In these cases there are only a few pints or quarts and so not much damage is done. The main point is to escape the fine and imprisonment.

There is one man in Portland whose sole business is to construct hiding places for liquor. He is a skilled mechanic of wonderful ingenuity, and he devises and manufactures for the trade, all sorts of traps for the concealment of the liquid. His prices are very large, but the profits on the trade are such that they can afford to pay them. Anyhow he is the only man who can do it satisfactorily and they must employ him.

INFORMATION.

How do the officers get information? There is not a day that letters are not received giving them information as to where the law is being violated. Every decent man and woman in Portland has a direct personal interest in killing out the traffic, and they make it their business to report it the same as the would any other nuisance. The people have been educated up to the point of considering it a nuisance, and they very properly treat it as such.

Does a boy come home the worse for liquor? The mother makes it her business to find where he got it, and she becomes for the nonce a detective. (B the way is it perfectly safe to kill any business that a mother objects to.) She worms the truth out of him, some way, and it goes as straight to the officers as paper can carry it. Does a husband come home smelling of the stuff? Every wife dreads it as she does the devil, for there can be no happiness where in a home the head of which has the smell of this fire upon his garments. She manages some way—trust her for that—to find where it came from and that place is raided.

A CHILD ON THE TRACK.

The women are not the only or the most effective detectives. One woman in Portland last year, whose husband came home drunk with frightful regularity, tried hard in vain to discover where he procured the liquor that was to her the source of unending woe. The husband was close-mouthed and it seemed the drunker he got the more he kept his counsel. He was wedded to rum, and knew that if he disclosed his source of supply it was all day with him. The wife watched and watched and tried every way that her dire necessity could suggest, but in vain. He got liquor somewhere, but she could not find where.

She had a daughter, a little girl of thirteen. The girl without exactly understanding it, had heard the discussions between her father and mother as to where the rum was procured and she knew that it was desirable that the place should be found. Her bare feet and scant clothing was sufficient incentive for her to do her part toward discovering the source of their misery, and she undertook to accomplish that which her mother had failed to do.

So the next night after the father had eaten his scant supper and lighted his pipe and gone out, the girl followed It was a bitter night, and she was well nigh barefooted. She had no bonnet and the thin shawl afforded but little protection for her head and shoulders. Maine is a bad State for drunkards' children. The cold is severe, and the wind bites shrewdly. It is as pitiless as the Rumseller, and you can't say anything worse of the wind than that.

The father went down the street and stopped awhile in this place, and awhile in another. He did not see a shivering figure in the shadow, waiting as patiently as fate, outside, muffled in a thin, ragged shawl, blowing upon her fingers to keep them from freezing. He did not know that there was a detective on his track more shrewd than any paid for the service, and that the ragged shawl covered more patience and determination than any fur upon an official shoulder.

Finally at about half-past nine he walked leisurely down a side street, made a signal at the door of a miserable house which was as dark as Erebus, and entered.

The wait for the little thing was long and tedious. The intense cold grew colder, the wind whistled more terribly than ever, her hands and feet were well-nigh frozen; but she stayed. She wanted to make sure that that place was where her father got his liquor.

She made her point. After waiting till nearly 12 o'clock the wretched man emerged drunk—very drunk. She had no trouble in evading him. Darting out into the darkness she took the shortest way home, and as she was sober and her father drunk, she had much less territory to cover. She was at home, had told her mother what she had discovered and was shivering in bed long before he arrived.

The result was very satisfactory. The next day an anonymous note denounced the place, immediately a Sheriff's officer was despatched to the spot, a seizure followed, and the place was closed.

The offender was an Irish woman who had carried on her business unsuspected for a long time, and would have continued longer but for the courage and endurance of the little 13 year-old girl.

It is rather comfortable to know that the supplies cut off, the drunken father got possession of himself, partially, and when it was made known to him by what agency he had been saved from himself he reformed altogether and became a decent man.

Wives and children are the best assistants the law has in killing out the nefarious traffic. They are the worst sufferers and they have the most interest in it.

Wo to the dealer in rum when the wife of the drunkard gets on his track. They and the children are the chief sufferers from the infernal trade, and they know no mercy or pity. They don't stop to split hairs about it. Rum means to them cold and hunger, and no rum, plenty and comfort. It is astonishing how little they care for "personal liberty," and "natural rights," and all that. They are not logical enough to see that a man has the right to starve and freeze his wife and children. It is a bitter fact with them which overrides all logic.

Should Paint It Green.

Chicago Times.

The statue in honor of Mr. Gladstone, which has just been erected in London, should be painted green, as a token of good will to Ireland and to protect it from mutilation by dynamiters and other Irish suspects.

NASBY IN EXILE.

SECOND SERIES.

The Buried Cities—Vices and Immoralities of Pompeii—Where the Idea of Canned Preserves Came From—Ascending Vesuvius—Extortions of the Brigands—The Sulphurous Pit.

Copyright by D. R. Locke, 1883.

LXII.

THE CITY AS IT IS.

The covering of ashes has been removed from perhaps one-third of the City, and the paved streets and the walls of the houses stand there to-day as they did 2,000 years ago. The pavements are as they were, and the houses, except that they are roofless. A curious story they tell. Here is the house of a wealthy banker whose servants perished at their various employments. They did not realize the terror of the catastrophe till it was too late to make their escape. Skeletons were found in the kitchens with implements in their hands; they were found just outside doors, having been stricken down the moment they left the cover; they were found in bed and everywhere just as they met their death. In the vaults under one house was found a skeleton with bags of treasure. When the alarm was given he rushed to save his wealth, and thus lost the time to save his life. Young women were smothered in their chambers at their toilettes, prostitutes met their death while in their haunts, the sick, the well, the rich and poor all met a common fate. A soldier died at his post because he would not desert it without orders, his superiors who could give the orders dying at the same minute. Parties were surprised at banquets, and died wine-cup in hand, and priests officiating in the temples died with those before their altars. Thirty thousand human beings were enwrapped in a shroud of ashes and all met their fate together.

Curious relics have been taken out of these houses and preserved in the museums. Bread charred by the heat but in a good state of preservation, coins, household utensils, furniture: everything known and used at the time remained preserved under the coat of ashes to show the world to-day how they lived 2,000 years ago.

Pompeii presents a curious sight. There are the walls standing and many of the houses are in a good state of preservation, the frescos on the walls being as bright as when the brush of the artist left them. The streets are very narrow, too narrow to admit of vehicles drawn by animals, and the dwellings were very small in comparison with the palaces of to-day. The bath rooms were always large and commodious, and so were the dining halls, but the rooms for sleeping were merely dens furnished very plainly and cheaply. The bed was a block of stone on which matrasses were spread, the room being just large enough to receive it. The Pompeiians were luxurious, but their tastes all ran to one or two things. They knew nothing of that general average which we call comfort, which insists that the sleeping room shall bear some proportion to the banqueting hall, and that the bath shall not be the only magnificent room in the house.

They were not a moral people by any means, but to their credit be it said, they were not hypocritical. The houses of prosititution, and there were a great many of them, bore signs as plain as those of the baker, tanner and butcher, and the wine shops were equally well advertised.

One experiences a curious sensation at wandering up and down through the city of the dead. The houses are here just as they were on the fatal afternoon that blotted out the City, and the temples, the theaters, and amphitheater as well, only it is as silent as the grave. There are evidences on every hand of a busy, gay and luxurious population, but the population itself is not. All the record that is left of them are the standing walls, which they could not carry with them.

No description of it is possible. There are only evidences that life was. The life is gone, but what they struggled for in life remains. The stones they trod upon, the walls wherein they dwelt, the couches upon which they slept, the tables upon which they ate, the baths wherein they laved their limbs, the money they accumulated, that is here, but where are they? Lady and harlot, soldier and mechanic, poet and historian, all enveloped in one winding street, and all gone in an hour. That is Pompeii.

And curious tourists now prowl about these ruins and handle these relics, and wonder. They will die themselves one of these days, only they may not die in the same way. But they will all go to where are the dead of Pompeii, and that ends it. That is certain.

Who knows but what Cities existed 4,000 years ago on the very site of Pompeii, and that while Pompeii was being snuffed out, wise and learned men were examining skeletons and coins and such things that they had dug up, to the end of determining who they were, and all about them? Vesuvius may have erupted 2,000 years before Pompeii, and did just as wild work that time as she did for Pompeii.

There isn't anything as certain as death. It is as certain as life. There was a Pompeii; there were buried Cities before Pompeii, and there will be after.

Pompeii had been forgotten for ages. A peasant digging a well came upon a painted chamber, and he reported his discovery. The learned men, remembering Pliny and his account of the great eruption, dug and found it. Who knows but that 4,000 years ago a peasant dug a well near Pompeii and found a painted chamber, and that the learned men of that city were investigating just as we are?

It is rather an old world, and our knowledge of it does not extend back a great ways. And come to think of human knowledge doesn't stretch over a very great surface anyhow. If we only knew as much as we don't know!

WHAT WAS FOUND.

Very many sad histories were brought to the light of day by the excavators. The ruling passion is as strong in death as in life, and whatever rules during life continues even in the face of death.

Among the exhumations of which casts were made was that of an old man prone upon the earthen floor of the cellar of his house, with bags of gold and jewelry clasped to his breast. When the alarm of the first shower of death fell upon the doomed city, he sought safety in flight. Then the thought of the gold that he had moiled and toiled for so long came to him. There was no time for delay. Minutes were everything—seconds counted at that awful moment. He started for the door, but he could not leave his treasure. Down into the vault he went to secure it, he grasped the precious bags, and turned to fly. At the very door the stifling, poisonous blast struck him, and he fell and perished. Twenty centuries after the body was found, the bony fingers clasping the bags to his bosom, as though he were determined that death should not wrest them from him. There was on his face a mixed expression—love for his gold and terror at death, and it would be hard to say which was the most pronounced, the terror of leaving his money or that of dissolution.

Another in the same house was pitiful. It was a young woman, probably the daughter of the miser. She had warning in time, but her child was in an inner room, and she rushed frantically to save it, and the delay was fatal to both. The hot, suffocating blast struck her at the door, and she perished upon the threshhold, with her child clasped to her bosom. Both clasped to their hearts what was most dear to them—the father his gold, and the mother her child.

Gamblers were found scattered about the tables on which they were playing, the sulphurous death surprising them at their business or pleasure, as they were hawks or pigeons. The gold they were playing for was left upon the tables and, by the way, to show that humanity is the same everywhere and in all ages, dice were found in one gambling room, the six side loaded with lead to make sure of that number being always thrown. The gambler of Pompeii 2,000 years ago, could substitute false dice for honest ones, and plunder the innocent as well as now. There were doubtless three card monte men in Pompeii, the same as now on Western railroads.

PRESERVED FOOD.

Cellars and depositories of food were found, some of them in a good state of preservation, as the shower of ashes had hermetically sealed them. It is a singular fact that we are indebted to Pompeii for the great industry of canning fruit. Years ago, when the excavations were just beginning, a party of Cincinnatians, found in what had been the pantry of a house, many jars of preserved figs. One was opened and they were found to be fresh and good. Investigation showed that the figs had been put into the jars in a heated state, an aperture left for the steam to escape, and then sealed with wax. The hint was taken and the next year canning fruit was introduced into the United States, the process being identical with that in vogue in Pompeii 20 centuries ago. The old ladies in America who can tomatos and peaches do not realize that they are indebted for this art to a people who were literally ashes but a few years after Christ. There is nothing new under the sun. Canned tomatos and loaded dice: the people of Pompeii had both.

The museums at Pompeii and Naples are crowded with relics of the buried City, and very much of the best statuary in the Naples Museum was taken from the ruins of Pompeii. While mostly excellent, considered as art, they reveal a sad condition of morals in the gay City It was a vile, licentious, sensual people; so vile and so licentious, if their taste in art proves anything, that it was well enough that they perished as they did. Sodom and Gomorrah could not have been any worse and retained anything of humanity.

VESUVIUS

Is not the greatest wonder in Europe, looked at simply as one of the great freaks of nature, for everything great is a freak, whether it is a mountain or a man. The regular thing is a dead level, and anything which challenges attention and holds it, is a freak. The average is the natural, anything beyond it is abnormal.

Vesuvius is by no means as imposing, considered merely as a mountain as scores of others, nor does it so impress the observer. Mount Blanc, lifting its snow-crowned summit into the skies, is a greater and grander object, and so is the Jungfrau. And so likewise are scores of mountain peaks in the Sierras. Vesuvius is a mountain of no extraordinary height, clad with vines at the base, and above, to its very crown, as ugly as sin when you are near enough to it. There is always a column of smoke rising from its summit, which is beautiful at a distance, but in and of itself does not either awe or inspire. As a part of a picture the mountain is wonderously beautiful. It is a proper finish to the magnificent bay at its base, and the islands that dot the bay would lose half their beauty but for this giant among them that makes always a great back-ground. By itself it is only so so, as a part of a magnificent whole it is wonderful, because it is exactly what is necessary to the rest. Nature always finishes up everything. The only thing in the world that does not fit in and add something to its surroundings is an American grain elevator. That adds to no landscape and improves nothing. It is immense, and as ugly as it is immense. But the elevator is not a work of nature. It is born of greed, and there is nothing beautiful in greed

To get up to the crater there are two ways. English capitalists, who are argus-eyed, saw that the whole world had to go up Vesuvius, and they immediately set about making profit out of it. A company built a railroad from the foot of the mountain almost to its summit, straight up the side, the same as the one to the top of Mount Washington. This road is extended to almost to the edge of the crater, and you go that way if you choose.

THE PROPER WAY.

But you ought not to go that way. You should go to the other side of the mountain, to the little City of Torre Dell' Annunziata, and do it regularly—which is to say, you take a guide who will bargain for the horses and donkeys for the party, and give you any assurance, in words, that you want. You shall start at such an an hour and ascend to the edge of the lava beds on the horses and donkeys, which are as easy as rocking-chairs; you shall then walk by easy stages to the crater, and descending, find your horses in readiness, and be back in time to take the 6 o'clock train into Naples, getting back to your hotel in time for dinner. The charge will be so much, paid to him, then and there, which will cover everything, positively everything, and give you no bother.

It being preferable to lump it this way than to risk the importunities of guides and the thousand and one exactions that beset the traveler, you agree with him, and pay him the stipulated sum. The horses are brought, when you discover that the man you bargained with is not a guide at all, but a broker. He turns you over to a real guide, and you swing out of the village with another ragged fellow hanging to your bridle, who insists that he is necessary. You are content, for the price agreed upon and paid includes everything, and you do not care how many go with you.

Up the mountain you climb For a few miles you ride through vineyards, olive and mulberry orchards, through little lanes and by villages all crowded with beggars, male and female, adult and children. Then you come into vast fields of cinders, through which you toil painfully, until finally worn out and with a secret abjurgation at the necessity that compelled you to the toil, you reach the lower edge of the lava fields.

Below you are vast fields of black cinders that have been thrown out of the crater, into which your foot sinks at every step, but the lava fields are worse, and they are before you and are yet to be essayed.

But a surprise that is not of nature awaits you. You leave the horses here and the guides who came with you likewise. A new lot of banditti await you. The guides that have accompanied you now are at the end of your journey, and you are turned over to others who insist upon bargaining before you start.

"But we have paid once for the entire trip."

"To whom?"

"To the guide in the City."

"Ah! he has nothing to do with us. We are guides to the crater."

And so you consent, perforce, for you must go to the crater, and they impose upon you chairs carried by poles on the shoulders of four men and the entire body of bandits accompany you, forcing themselves upon you, doing things which are not only unnecessary but positively annoying, until in agony of soul you wish that Vesuvius would erupt immediately, that this swarm of vermin might be consumed, even though you should go to your death with them.

But you reach the crater finally, and you are repaid for all the vexation and annoyance incident. Everything good in the world has to be paid for.

The crater is simply a vast bottomless gulf, hot with the breath of the fires in the earth's center, which cannot be described. From this gulf ascends forever the smoke of nature's torment. It is as near an approach to the old orthodox idea of a hell as can be well imagined. It is a gulf with fire in its interior, a fire that is never quenched, but burns on forever and forever.

What feeds it? Who knows? Science stops short at this point, as it does at many others. Conjectures are as plenty as blackberries, but as to certainties, it is, and that is all that is known of it or ever will be. No one can ever go down into the devil's kitchen to find out, and it doesn't make much difference whether it is ever known.

AN OLD-FASHIONED HELL.

You are on the edge of a vast gulf, the lava-rock hot under your feet, and a sulphurous smell, that is overpowering, filling your system through your nostrils. You may endure the smoke and smell for a time if the wind be blowing from you, but wo to you if it comes your way. Then you may well believe in a hell and fancy yourself at its portals.

And it is not certain but that it is. If there is a literal lake of fire and brimstone into which the wicked are plunged, as is shown in all the paintings in the churches of Italy, it could not be more properly located. Everything should be nearest to where it is to be the most used. If there must be a hell it should be located in Italy, to save unnecessary transportation of the greatest numbers to be plunged into it

However this trenches upon theology.

The proper thing to do up here is to take a copper coin, that is, if the beggars have left you one, and drop it into the molten lava, and take it out imbedded therein. Then you want to look down the crater and shudder, and wonder what would happen any one who should fall into it, as though that should occasion wonder, and turn around and go back. You labor over the lava fields till you come to where your animals, four and two footed, were left, and then your real trouble begins.

Bandits in rags seize your horse or donkey by the bridle, one on either side, another advances to the front and gesticulates wildly as though the safety of the party depended entirely upon his lungs, and on either side are other bandits demanding silver for services presumed to have been rendered. In vain you expostulate—they don't understand English and you are ignorant of Italian. But you pay all the same, for you know that they will follow you into Napies if you do not.

Down the steep mountain side, through cinders into which your animal sinks fetlock deep, every step, till you come to the belt of green that encircles this horrible mountain, and get upon a solid road of lava and wind out through vineyards and olive orchards, and finally reach the City.

Then your trouble culminates. The guide you employed at the beginning, for a lumped sum, has disappeared and is nowhere to be found. The head fiend who owns the horses demands the price of their services, and a swinging fee for his own. The two who had hold of your bridle and the two who ran beside your horse encouraging it with wild cries, demand fees for their services, and before you have commenced to fight them off the entire floating population about is gathered, and an army of rag-a-muffins, male and female, assail you with their dirty paws extended. A sort of a magistrate is summoned and he decides gravely that you must pay, not forgetting to demand a fee for his services That is one thing never forgotten.

You have five minutes to catch the train when the landlord of the wretched inn appears with a bill, for what? Why for a supper which you never ordered and cannot eat. But you pay all the same and rush to the station and get aboard, seeing outside the wretch who inveigled you into all this trouble quarreling with the other thieves over the division of the spoil they have captured.

But you finally get away to Naples and are so glad that you immediately forget the annoyance that you have endured.

THE SAINTS.

The superstition of the Italians is well illustrated in this excursion. At the foot of the mountain there is a chapel dedicated to whatever saint is supposed to have the ugly crater in charge. There is of course a box outside the wall for contributions. Now your guide has lied, and stolen; and thieved and plundered you from the bottom to the top and back again. There isn't a sin in the catalogue that he hasn't committed, unless he happened to forget it, and that he does not. In this their memories are very accurate and reliable. But no sooner does he reach this chapel than he reins his pony up to the box and drops therein a coin, either of copper or silver, according to the amount of his swindle, and crossing himself religiously bends his head for a moment in prayer, He would no more think of passing this chapel on his return from the mountain and offering the prayer—with the contribution—than he would think of declining a fee. His prayer and contribution offset his thievery and he thus balances the account between himself and heaven. That is the way the guide figures it up.

The change in the expression of the face of that guide as he reined his pony up to the Monastery wall, said his prayers and made the sacred sign of the cross, and dropped the copper coin into the box on the wall, was a triumph for Christianity. There never was, and, as Mr Tibbitts remarked, a "thievener" face than his the moment he came to the Monastery. I will vouch for the statement that never had a thieving face a better or more satisfactory foundation. He had the face of a brigand, the expression of a pickpocket, and the manner of a highwayman.

But the moment his pony's hoofs struck that pavement it all changed. Under the solemn influence the brigandish face changed to one of absolute, holy trust in the saint he was invoking—the robber of a moment before became a saint.

That was the precise time that some philanthropic person who had an interest in him should have knocked him over with a rock, or shot him, or otherwise have killed him instantaneously. It should have been done in that brief minute when he was good—and then his soul would have soared, instead of dropping like pig-lead. He should have died while his hands were still folded, and while the expression of an approach to holiness was on his face. Well would it have been for him had he died then.

But he did not. He concluded his prayer, and if we held that the first transformation was a compliment to Christianity, the immediate and radical change killed it before the bud had time to blossom into fruit. The variety of religion that can only hold a man a minute can't be of much account if the evanescence of the power be due to the religion.

For the very moment the copper coin rattled in the bottom of the box, and the pony's hoofs struck the hard stones again, the saint disappeared and the brigand came again. There came back to that infernal countenance the mixture of pickpocket, brigand and highwayman, the malignant expression of one who feared that he would not get everything we had, and who was determined to add to the pre determined swindle whatever he had invested in the box, with as much more as possible for interest and lost time.

We discovered afterward that this monastery was a sort of an insurance office for guides and others whose business it is to swindle people who have the curiosity to make the ascent. They do not pray or give any money when they start, for they fear that the saint in charge would not look well after them if paid in advance. But as he (the saint) knows that the guide always pays if he comes back safely, he will watch over them carefully up and back. Hence the passing by of the monastery before the ascent, and the devotion and contribution when they return. The people make this sort of an arrangement with the saints always. They do not pay in advance for protection, feeling that they will be safer to have the reward deferred till after the safe return.

It is a most comfortable religion they have—a cheerful and satisfying religion.

Within the space of a minute there was present before us, mounted on

utterly ruined, and narrowly escaped a criminal prosecution.

So far my story is a commonplace one enough. I often think now how precisely Horace's description of a young Roman.

Gaudet equis canibusque, et aprici gramine campi,
Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper,

and the rest of it, suits a young Englishman of the present day.

I soon exhausted the patience and the pity of my father's friends, and from my own companions I had nothing to hope. It became necessary to do something to keep myself from starving. The only thing I could flatter myself I knew anything about was the management of horses. So I did what I had often heard of a gentleman doing—I obtained employment as a cab-driver.

At the same time I took to drinking. I had already, in the days of my luxury, acquired the habit of swallowing more than was good for me. But I now took to it, not for pleasure, but to stupefy myself. And partly from that cause, and partly from my losses and vexations, my temper became more openly savage than it had ever been before, and I vented all my brutality on my wretched horse. And then I got pulled up and fined for cruelty. And then no decent cab-master would trust me with a horse and cab, and I had to get employment from a man who was, if possible, a greater blackguard than I had myself become. And so I got more and more degraded and into worse and worse company, and my temper became more and more brutal, and I was always getting drunk and fighting and being taken up by the police. So it was no great fall when I made acquaintance with a nang of thieves, and was persuaded to join them in a burglary. I had to wait outside with a horse and trap while they went in for the plate. And, as it turned out, they half-murdered an old gentleman and I got caught and was tried before a Judge, and, "being well known to the police," I was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

After a short stay in jail, I was sent with others to the convict prison at Dartmoor. I can't describe the misery with which this part of my existence struck me, though I have suffered worse things since. The cold, gloomy granite buildings, with its inscription, "Parcere subjectis" (it had better have been "Easciate ogni speranza") the constant wet, the hard work, to which I had never been accustomed, and which blistered my hands and made all my bones ache, the absence of every kind of comfort, the society of the most foul minded and foul-tongued reprobates, the absolute privation of all news from the outer world, all these things must strike hard on any one, but struck with tenfold effect on one who had not long before been accustomed to the soft life of a gentleman. I had been used to every species of indulgence, and even in my cab-driving period I had found comfort in my gin and my pipe. Now everything of this kind was prohibited, and though the rule might sometimes be evaded by those convicts who were able to bribe a warder, any such infraction of regulation was most severely punished.

I was mad with rage and fury, and resolved to try to escape, even though I might be hanged for it.

One dark Winter's day a party of us was working on the moor as usual. A thick bank of fog came sweeping up, and the warder, who well knew the danger of it, ordered us to fall in at once, in order to march back to the prison. I watched my opportunity when he was looking another way, and swinging my spade round, felled him by a tremendous blow on the back of his head, and then ran for my life.

Not far from the place where we had been working there was a bank built up of earth and turf, after the manner of Devonshire, and for this I made. Just as I was scrambling up it I heard the crack of a rifle, and a bullet grazed my leg, and dropped with a thud into the bank. I got safely over, tumbled into a deep dry ditch on the other side, and doubled along it as fast as my legs could carry me. I was dimly conscious of two warders clearing the bank and plunging straight on into the fog beyond which grew thicker every moment. Of them I saw no more. I fled on at my best pace until I was utterly exhausted and dropped down in a hollow, sheltered by a scanty growth of heather. Hungry, thirsty, wet, faint and miserable, I yet felt a satisfaction in the hope that I had regained my liberty. And I fell asleep more soundly than I ever slept on a prison bed.

I actually slept till sunrise. When I opened my eyes, a fresh breeze was blowing away the fog of the night before, and the moor was looking beautiful, as it can look on one of those few fine days that visit the English Siberia. I stretched my stiff limbs and tried to rub my eyes. Strange to say, I found that my hand could not reach my head. However, I found no difficulty in stretching my head down to meet my hand. But my hand felt strangely hard and rough. It had, in fact, become a horse's hoof.

I started up. I was broad awake now. I found myself standing on four legs. I stretched out my neck, turned my head round, and took a general survey of my legs and my body. There could be no doubt about it. They were the legs and body of a horse.

Though I retained a clear recollection of what I had been, I must somehow have acquired the mind of a horse as well as that of a man. I did not feel so much astonished as might be expected. The first idea that occurred to me was to find out what my face was like. I fancied that the old stories of Centaurs might perhaps be true, and that I might possibly have become half man and half horse. Not far off there was a small pool of water. I trotted over to it, and looked at my reflection. The notion of the Centaur vanished. I found myself in all respects a horse. I was a bright chestnut horse, young and strong, broad-chested, clean-limbed, with brilliant eyes and flowing mane. I took a deep draft of water, and felt fresh and well.

Strange to say, my first sensations were by no means unpleasant. In the first place, I had regained my liberty. Then I had accustomed myself to look for pleasure in the animal senses, not in the intellect, and that kind of pleasure was by no means wasting. I felt conscious of extraordinary strength and swiftness. My powers of sight and hearing were developed to an extent unknown to human beings. I had no fingers, but my fore feet merely felt like clenched fists, and to that I was accustomed. My hind feet felt more comfortable than when incased in the prison boots.

I flung up my head and tail, and bounded over the moor in a stretching gallop.

A man on horseback is twice a man. He feels, if his horse be worth anything, far stronger, swifter, nobler, than before. I believe this is recognized throughout the world, and in all languages the *equus*, or cavalier, is the higher type of gentleman. At any rate, I felt this very strongly when I found myself not figuratively, but actually, identified with my horse. Never have I enjoyed a gallop on a horse's back as I enjoyed my first gallop on my own four legs.

The keen air of the moor soon made me feel hungry, and I set to work to crop the heritage. And here I found a new pleasure. My sense of taste and smell had become exquisitely delicate. I do not know whether this delicacy is possible to mankind, as I can not remember the time when my taste was uncorrupted by meat, and alcohol, and tobacco.

But on Dartmoor the supply of grass and herbs fit for a horse is rather scanty, and it was the occupation of the whole day to satisfy my appetite.

Toward evening the weather again became cold and foggy, and the next day was very wet and miserable. As a gregarious animal, I began to feel the want of society, and I wandered about the moor in search of companions.

At last I discovered, under the lee of some large boulders of granite, a gypsy encampment, and two or three horses straying about near it. I approached them cautiously, and was received in a friendly way. We rubbed our noses together, and I was even allowed to pick at an armful of hay that had been provided for them.

Soon, however, I found myself an object of attention on the part of the gypsies. With the usual treachery which man employs in his dealings with what he is pleased to call the lower animals, one of them approched me with a measure of oats and the softest words he could muster, while another followed close behind him with a halter. The dry food looked very tempting after the wet and scanty herbage of the moor, and I was almost inclined to sell my liberty for a feed of oats. However, I was not quite so foolish, and, with a snort and a toss of the head, I turned round, flung up my heels, and was soon out of their reach. But the craving for company still kept me in the neighborhood of the encampment, and I could hear the gypsies express their admiration of me as a "proper beauty," mingled with less polite language.

It was not long before they determined on another course of action. They caught two of their own horses, saddled, bridled and mounted them, and started to circumvent me, taking care to approach me from opposite sides. I laughed inwardly at such an attempt, feeling conscious of strength and swiftness that would not be matched by any horse with a rider on his back. So I easily shot away from them, and then stopped and looked round, letting them approach me, and then starting off again, and in fact amusing myself by luring them on toward the middle of the moor.

However, they were more cunning than I. Gradually we reached a part of the moor where the ground was even rougher than the rest and more encumbered with boulders. Seeing a smooth piece of bright green turf, I naturally made for it. It gave way beneath my feet, and I found myself plunged deep into a Dartmoor bog.

Notwithstanding his great size and strength, a horse is essentially a timid animal. His organization is as delicate as that of a young lady. Any one can understand this who observes the extreme sensitiveness of his ear and eye. Though I still retained the memory of my human condition, I was now to all intents and purposes a horse. I was surprised at my own nervousness and want of presence of mind.

While I was struggling in the bog the gypsies rapidly passed a halter over my head, and then fetched some ropes and planks, by means of which, aided by my own struggles, I was at last brought to *terra firma*. I was so exhausted and so dirty that I was only too glad to submit to be groomed and cleaned, which operations took place amid many expressions of admiration on the part of the gypsies.

I was now tied up and had a bucket of water and a good feed of oats. My spirits revived, and I resolved to make an attempt to regain my liberty at the first opportunity.

In the afternoon my masters proceeded to try their new horse. A saddle was placed on my back, a bit was forced into my mouth, and a young gypsie jumped into the pig-skin. I reared, plunged, kicked, buck-jumped, and did all I could to unseat him. He was a good rider, though a brutal one, and I suffered severely from his whip and spurs, as well as from the horrible bit in my mouth. Half mad with rage and pain, I at last reared higher than ever, overbalanced myself, and fell back on my rider. He was a good deal hurt, but did not let go the bridle, and the other gypsies came up and secured me.

I now heard them call me a vicious brute, and they decided to break me in regularly. So now I had indeed a period of "penal servitude," such as was never contemplated by the judge who sentenced me. They "lunged" me, put a dumb jockey on me, tied up one of my feet and kept me standing on three legs, brought me on my knees, and adopted all the devices by which men convince horses of their inferiority.

Meanwhile I had full time to reflect on my position, and to make up my mind to accept the inevitable. I saw that it was impossible for a horse to live in a wild state in any part of England. I saw also that I was far too valuable an animal for the gypsies to keep for their own purposes. So I concluded that the best thing I could do was to behave quietly and get sold to a gentleman, when I might probably be well treated, though I must resign all hope of liberty.

Things turned out as I expected. As soon as I was at all presentable, the gypsies were most anxious to sell me, knowing that they would probably be suspected of having stolen me. So one of them took me to a fair, and sold me at a price which was no doubt important to them, but which seemed to me extremely small.

I was bought by a clergyman, and one by no means young, which surprised me considerably. He was a tall, active, wiry man, with the keenest of eyes and the pleasantest of voices, and, as I found out, he was a born sportsman and a perfect rider. If it were ever possible to feel a pleasure in carrying a fellow creature on one's back it would be in being ridden by such a one as my new master.

He took me up to Exmoor and rode me with the stag-hounds. My nature had now become so identified with my outward shape that I almost enjoyed hunting in this novel form. My memory of hunting, from the human point of view, stood me in good stead, and my master and I soon became distinguished beyond all men and horses in that celebrated hunt.

This distinction, however, was fatal to my comfort. My master was a poor man, and, tempted by a very high price, he sold me at the end of the season to a rich sportsman of enormous weight.

I was Summered comfortably enough, but in the hot days of early Autumn I was again taken out with the staghounds. I was young and strong in those days, and had carried my former master without difficulty, but I was quite unequal to the burden of such a mountain of flesh as now placed itself on my back. I did what I could, for by this time I was fully persuaded of the wisdom of the policy of submission. But it was of no use, and I was soon laid up with a strained back, from which I never quite recovered. A stupid veterinary surgeon was sent for, who pulled me about, and first thought it was my shoulder that was affected, then one of my hind legs, then my knee and then my foot. So he tried one thing after another, and lanced me, and bandaged me, and blistered me, and almost vivisected me, while I was almost wild with pain and fury and the inexpressible suffering of being unable to explain to him how utterly he had mistaken my case, and how worse than useless were all the tortures he was inflicting on me.

At last, in spite of his treatment, and merely in consequence of the rest which was permitted me, I got well enough to be considered sound. My master, fortunately, had sense enough to perceive that I was not up to his weight, as, indeed, no horse really was. So I was again sold, and this time to a young cavalry officer, who had come down to hunt with the stag-hounds.

I was taken to his stables, and presently his young wife came to see the new horse. To my utter amazement I recognized my own sister, whom I had not seen for some years, during which she had been living with the guardian with whom I had chosen to quarrel. I had cared little for her in those days, as indeed I had cared for nothing but my own selfish pleasures. But now the ease was completely altered. I felt all the gentleness, the longing for sympathy, which are natural to most horses. And my sister was one of those rare beings who have a peculiar insight into the nature of animals, who sympathize with all their feelings, and seem able to read their thoughts. She stroked my nose with her little soft hand, which appeared to exercise over me a kind of mesmeric influence. I returned her greetings as best I could with my velvety upper lip and my poor dumb tongue. She got me some bread and carrots, and I was soon installed as her prime favorite. Her husband was a good-natured sort of fellow, fond of horses and dogs in the ordinary way, and one who would not willingly ill-treat an animal, except in the way of sport. But he had not the peculiar gift possessed by my sister, and was inclined to laugh when she descanted on the human expression that she discovered in my eyes. She was probably ignorant of the speculations of Pythagoras and Empedocles, perhaps even of the story of Circe. Her imagination had lighted on a doctrine which I believe to be true, that it is not uncommon for the soul of a man to be imprisoned in an animal, as a measure of punishment, or of purgatory.

In a material point of view I was now happy enough. I was kindly treated by everybody, and was daily petted and fed with dainties by my sister. My sole duty was to carry her when she rode, a duty which her light weight and light hand made a pleasure. My human memory told me exactly what to do, and I became known as the most perfect lady's horse ever seen.

Mentally, however, I suffered much. That sad beseeching look which my sister noticed in my eyes was the only way I had of expressing what I felt. I was filled with a constant longing to tell her my story, and to reveal to her what I really was. The impossibility of doing this was a bitter pain to me. I believe, as I said before, that many persons have been placed in a position similar to mine, but the power of speech has been allowed to them only in a very few instances. Some of these are recorded in the early history of Rome, but the case of Balaam's ass is perhaps the best authenticated.

Evil days were now approaching. I noticed that my sister now rode seldom and more seldom. She was evidently becoming ill. I was tried in harness and, I need not say, behaved my best. Then I was driven by her in a light carriage. But soon even this exertion became too much for her, and she faded away rapidly. She used to be wheeled out to the stables to feed and caress me, but at last the day came when she said farewell, with many tears on both sides. I heard her make her husband promise never to part with me, and I saw her no more. But I soon heard that all was over, and I followed her remains to the grave.

Her husband was broken-hearted, and I believe looked forward with satisfaction to the prospect of flinging his life away in the war that was now commencing. He kept his promise not to part with me, but to him I was only a horse, nor, indeed, was there any reasons for peculiar care of me at a time when the blood of thousands of better men than I had ever been was poured out like water. He made me his charger, and I accepted my fate as inevitable.

The delicate organization of a horse makes the noise and smoke of battle, and even of mimic battle, inexpressibly hateful to him. My first field day was very painful, but that was a trifle compared with what followed. The regiment was ordered to the Crimea and I was placed with many other horses on board a troopship.

The life of a domesticated horse is only tolerable when he has a loose box in which he can turn. To be tied up in an ordinary stall, especially when it is a sloping one, is little better than prolonged torture. But even that lot is enviable compared with the indescribable sufferings endured on board a troop ship. However, most of us survived them, and in course of time we landed in the Crimea. There our sufferings were almost as bad in a different way—hard work, cold, wet and hunger.

At last there came a time when we, among the scanty squadrons of the Light Brigade, were drawn up at the end of a long valley, both sides of which were held by masses of the enemy's troops. The word was passed along in a whisper that we were going to charge the Russian army at the other end of the valley. There were mutterings and curses on the idiotic folly of him who ordered it; but the time was short. I heard my brother in-law say, "It is hard on the poor young fellows who would like to live!" And then he patted my neck, and I felt that we, at any rate, were agreed, and that death could not come too soon to both of us. And then the charge rang out loud, and we all dashed into a storm of shot and shell. Men and horses immediately began to fall to right and left of us, and my rider and I were racing with the leader, when we were both struck and rolled over together. I struggled to my feet when the others had passed, and looked at what had been my sister's husband. There was only his body; his head had been carried off by a shot. Only a few minutes seemed to pass, and the broken wave of returning horsemen came back upon us. Notwithstanding my longing for death, the gregarious instinct prevailed, and with them I limped back again into the British lines. No one offered to catch me. There was more serious work to be done that day than to notice a wounded horse. I knew where a sort of hospital for sick horses had been established, and thither I managed to drag myself. I heard a discussion whether I should be shot at once, and heartily hoped that the question would be decided in the affirmative. But my wound was not a fatal one, and the strangeness of the circumstance induced the veterinary surgeon to keep me alive. In after days hundreds of our men came to see the horse that went of his own accord to the hospital and reported himself wounded.

So it happened that I was saved to endure all the miseries of that horrible Winter, when we used to be kept toiling with heavy burdens of shot and shell through miles of snow and mud; when we lay at night in the snow, and had often nothing but snow to eat. I saw hundreds of horses fall and die around me, and envied their fate. But my seven years of penal servitude had not yet expired, and I could not die.

The story of my wonderful instinct, as they called it, obtained for me some little consideration in that time of cruelty. And so it happened that I lived all through the war, and into the quiet time that succeeded it, and was one of the few horses that were brought back to England.

There was welcome enough for the Crimean heros, but no thought for the horses who had borne the worst part of the work and the suffering, and without whom the victory could never have been achieved. In the confusion that followed the battle of Balaklava I had become mixed with the ordinary troopers, and was no longer recognized as an officer's charger. When we were inspected on our return to England, I, with many others, was pronounced unfit for service, and not worth bringing home. Among a number of cast off horses I was sent to be sold at auction, and was bought for a very small price, by a cab proprietor, in whom, to my indignation and horror, I recognized my former employer.

"Do as you would be done by," is a maxim inculcated upon children. I now experienced its converse: I was done by as I did. Many cabmen are good fellows enough, but my master was not one of them. Even the sufferings of the Crimea were scarcely as bad as the cruelty of London. I was stabled in a stall that was no better than a dung-heap, dark and suffocating with the most fetid odors. When I was taken out the light almost blinded me. From morning to night my lot was hard work, little food, and constant flogging. I soon wasted away, and felt with a bitter kind of satisfaction that this could not last long. I became covered with raw places, to which the friction of the harness and the constant application of the whip added indescribable torture. I was now taken out only at night, in order to escape the observation of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty. I heard my owner say that I was not worth my keep, and I knew that it was intended simply to work me to death.

One night my driver took up a fare near Marlborough House. When we reached our destination I happened to look round and recognized my former master, the clergyman. His quick eye also recognized me, and I heard him say, "Why, that horse once belonged to me! He looks down on his luck, poor fellow! Be kind to him, cabby, and here's a six-pence extra for you." My driver grinned and proceeded to the next public house.

At last the end came. One night I was toiling along as usual when a complete faintness came over me, and I fell "all of a heap." My driver tried to arouse me by a most unmerciful flogging, but I felt little of it. My seven years of penal servitude were at last over. I closed my eyes and knew no more.

When I next regained consciousness I found myself lying on the grass in the Green Park. The sun was rising on a brilliant May morning, and the world of London was awakening to work and pleasure.

I stretched myself, rubbed my eyes, and felt myself all over. I was again a man, strong and well and not much older. I was dressed in a stable suit such as is worn by grooms. After a little consideration it appeared to me that the only thing I was fit for was the company of horses. I proceeded to a livery stable in Duke street, which I had known in former times, and applied for employment.

The master looked me over sharply and then said, "The old story, I suppose—no character. Well, you look as if you knew something about horses. Do you think you could do anything with this one?"

He then opened the half-door of a loose box and a savage black horse darted his head out, glared wildly around, and snapped at us. I caught his head between my hands, breathed into his nostrils, and whispered into his ear. The vicious animal, as he was called, because he had endeavored to struggle against ill-treatment, whinnied with pleasure, and began to "nuzzle" me with his nose and prehensile upper lip.

"Well, that's a rum go," said the master. "I have heard of that dodge, but never saw it before. I'll give you 15 shillings a week, young man, and if you're worth more you shall have more."

I was hungry, and by no means in a position to bargain, so I accepted his offer and entered on my duties as stableman. But they did not continue long. My chief pleasure, indeed my only one, was to read the newspapers, and renew my acquaintance with the world from which I had been so long secluded. And so it happened that I noticed an advertisement in which I was desired, if still living, to apply to the old solicitors of my family in order to hear "something to my advantage."

I lost no time in waiting upon Mr. X. My former appearance had been so far restored that he found little difficulty in recognizing me, and he knew enough of what had happened seven years before to induce him to abstain from asking inconvenient questions.

It appeared that an old aunt of mine had died, leaving a will made many years before by which she gave me all her property. And so I became the owner of some hundreds a year. You may imagine that I settled my business and got out of England as soon as possible. I found a remote nook of Italy in which I established myself. I had lost all taste for human society. My sadness is incurable, but I find in the cultivation of my ground and in the company of my horse, my dog and my books, the means of passing my time without finding life a burden too heavy for me to bear.

PIONEER LIFE.

Recollections of Early Days in the West.

BY DR. H. SCOTT, OF LANCASTER, O.

No. 29.

A MELANCHOLY STORY OF THE FRONTIER OF NEAR SEVENTY YEARS AGO—THE LOST CHILDREN.

Besides the capture and carrying into captivity of children by the Indians along the frontiers of the advance settlements of the early West, there were frequent instances of their becoming lost in the forests by straying away. I am able to recall three of these occurrences that took place in our and adjoining settlements, with the particulars of which I was familiar. One, and the most melancholy of them all, here follows:

There were many customs and habits of the log cabin pioneers of the wild west which have not heretofore been mentioned in former sketches. They have mostly fallen into disuse by the changing times. Among them was that the blowing horns at irregular hours, as signals of distress, or that help was needed. There was no cabin without a horn of some kind. The cows horn was often improvished, by sawing off the tip and burning an opening through with the "burning iron" to meet the natural hollow part, after the bone had been removed. They were excellent substitutes for the tin horn. The sound of the horn at eight or nine o'clock in the morning, and about 12 M., was the breakfast and dinner horn. At any other time, but especially in the night, it was a call for somebody to come, and never failed to bring the nearest neighbors.

I believe it was in 1820, I was about 12 years old, and was returning from the mill with my bag of corn meal. I had arrived within 300 or 400 yards of a little farm in the woods, when I caught the sound of my aunt's voice anxiously calling at intervals of less than half a minute, "Beckey," "Beckey." Such calls were by no means uncommon in the new settlements when children were out of sight, or behind time, and I thought nothing of it until I had come down the lane to a point opposite the house. My aunt was standing out in the yard with the baby in her arms. She called to me and said she had sent Beckey and Margaret over to Mr. H.'s for some milk, and that they had been gone more than three hours, and she was very uneasy about them; and she asked me if I would ride out on the path and see if I could meet them. But I had yet nearly a mile to go through the woods, and a portion of the way was through a swail, and the sun was just setting. I told her that the girls would surely be along in a few minutes, and that my mother would be very uneasy if I did not get home before dark. The distance over to H.'s was three quarters of a mile over a blazed path through the thick woods. Rebecca was nine and Margaret seven years old. The latter had red hair. My uncle was away from home. Poor little Becca and Marget; I can still see them running down the lane to meet us when we went over there; but I never saw them again.

It was thick dusk when I arrived home, and my father had just taken the bag off from the houses back, when long blasts of the horn, back from the direction which I had come, reached our ears. I told the story of the absent children, as I had heard it, and at once, without waiting for a bite to eat, my father called my older brother, and the three of us hastened over to my uncles.

It was a very dark night, and when we arrived at the house the door was closed and everything around was profoundly silent. A small dog disputed our entrance at the door, and was sent howling around the cabin by a vigorous kick from my father. Inside was a little boy of five, crying on the hearth, and a smaller one asleep beside him. There was a small fire burning in the chimney place, just sufficient to shed a dubious light about the room. My father went out in the yard, and presently heard my aunt's calling out of the woods back of the east field. He speedily improvised a torch from some dry clapboards and hickory bark that was always kept at hand for emergencies, and went out and brought her in. She had waited till darkness was setting in, and then, with her baby, had walked all the way to her neighbors, but only to learn that the girls had started home more than an hour before night. In returning, in the thick darkness she was unable to follow the path, and became lost in the woods. Mr. H. was also from home. There was no intelligence of the children. That they were lost, was now beyond all doubt. My father at once began long and loud blasts from the cow's horn, which was kept up for some time, to indicate the emergency of the case, and by about ten o'clock some 20 persons had collected, mostly bringing torches with them. From that time until daylight the woods was blazing with torches, and at sunrise no clue whatever had been obtained. In the meantime, throughout the night, horns were blown and guns fired off as far as the search extended, so that in the early morning all within hearing had collected, when the hunt was systematized, and preparations completed for searching every rod of ground for miles around.

Various theories were discussed, the prevailing one being that they had left the path for some purpose and being unable to regain it, had wandered away into the depths of the forest, beyond the call of their mother; by others the fearful suggestion was thrown out that they might have been picked up by panthers, which are more or less prowling through the woods. The theory of capture by Indians was likewise thought of; but no Indians had been heard of in the country for several years.

In the early part of the day the tin bucket, containing about one quart of milk, was found a few hundred yards north of the path; and still further away, late in the afternoon, a fragment of one of the little calico dresses was found adhering to a thorn bush, where it had been torn off; and a few rods farther the sunbonnet of Margaret was picked up. It was October, and the children were barefooted. Early in the morning of the second day the little barefoot tracks were found where the children had been following the margin of a small branch for a short distance, but beyond that they could not be traced. This was some two miles from the foot path communicating between the two cabins, and it was the last trace that was found. All theories were now given up, save that of the children being simply lost in the forest.

The circle of the search was widened each day, as the crowd continued to augment by the constant arrival of people from more remote settlements, until at last more than 2,000 persons were believed to be engaged in the hunt. Many came across from the south side of the Ohio. Wagon loads of provisions were sent in from remote settlements to sustain the people. A system of signals to be given by the horn and the firing of guns, and headquarters were established, where reports were made every evening. The signal for the finding of the children, dead or alive, was to be three guns or blasts of the horns, three times repeated.

In an east and northeast direction from the little settlement on the creek where the children strayed away, there was an almost wholly unbroken wilderness of fully 20 miles in extent. There were no more than a few small cabins scattered through it at wide intervals. Through this wide expanse of waste, wolves, panthers, bears, wild cats and catamounts abounded. The whole extent was finally gone over. The last sad hope was kept up that if the dear little girls should finally have fallen a prey to savage beasts, some evidence of such a fate might be discovered in fragments of their clothing, or their bones. No such signs were ever found, nor was the signal for "found" ever heard; and the mystery will only be unfolded in that great and final day when all secret things will be revealed.

The mother of little Becky and Margaret was a Christian philosopher, and she sustained herself during the three weeks of terrible ordeal with a calm resignation to whatever might be in store for her; but she never saw her darlings again on the shores of Time. I recall, but with no pleasure, the dreary three weeks. I was much of the time in the woods with the hunters; and I well remember how our ears became wearied listening for the final signal, which was never heard.

Twenty years afterward, the family removed to western Illinois, where the father of the children soon after died. My aunt died in about 1866, at the ripe age of near 80 years, and went to join her lost babes among the angels. The wilderness, the scene of the melancholy tragedy, is now a populous country.

Humor.

A Schoolboy Financier.

Bill Nye.

"Pa, I don't like to tell you, but the teacher and I have had trouble."

"What's the matter now?"

"Well, I cut one of his desks a little with my knife, and the teacher says I've go to pay a dollar or take a lickin'."

"Well, why don't you take the licking and say no more about it? I can stand considerable physical pain, so long as it visits our family in that form. Of course, it is not pleasant to be flogged, but you have broken a rule of the school, and I guess you'll have to stand it. I presume that the teacher will in wrath remember mercy, and avoid disabling you so that you can't get your coat on any more."

"But, pa, I feel mighty bad about it already, and if you would pay my fine I'd never do it again. I know a good deal more about it now and I will never do it again. A dollar ain't much to you, pa, but it's a heap to a boy that hasn't a cent. If I could make a dollar as easy as you can, pa, I never let my little boy get flogged that way just to save a dollar. If I had a little feller that got licked bekuz I didn't put up fer him, I'd hate the sight of money always. I'd feel as ef every dollar I had in my pocket had been taken out of my little kid's back."

"Well, now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a dollar to save you from punishment this time, but if anything of this kind ever occurs again, I'll hold you while the teacher licks you, and then I'll get the teacher to hold you while I lick you. That's the way I feel about that. If you want to go around whittling up our educational institutions you can do so; but you will have to purchase them after wards yourself. I don't propose to buy any more damaged school furniture. You probably grasp my meaning, do you not? I send you to school to acquire an education, not to acquire liabilities so that you can come around and make an assessment on me. I feel a great interest in you, Willie, but I do not feel as though it should be an assessable interest. I want to go on, of course, and improve the property; but when I pay my dues on it I want to know that it goes toward development work. I don't want my assessment to go toward the purpose of a school-desk with American hieroglyphics carved on it.

"I hope you will bear this in mind, my son, and beware. It will be greatly to your interest to beware. If I were in your place I would put in a large portion of my time in the beware business."

The boy took the dollar and went thoughtfully away to school, and no more was ever said about the matter until Mr. Taylor learned casually several months later that the Spartan youth had received the walloping and filed away the dollar for future reference. The boy was afterward heard to say that he favored a much heavier fine in cases of that kind. One whipping was sufficient, he said, but he favored a fine of $5.

A Cooper After Fame.

Wall Street News.

A New York wholesale dry goods merchant, who was passing a day or two in a Pennsylvania town, received a call at the hotel from an anxious-looking, middle aged man, who looked carefully around the room to see that nobody was eavesdropping, and then whispered:

"Say, you are from New York, ain't you?"

"I am."

"That's what the boys said. Say!"

"Well."

"This is one of the meanest towns in the country."

"Is it?"

"You bet it is! Any man who tries to get along is cried down at once, and everybody is jealous of him. Say!"

"Well, sir."

"I've got a cooper-shop down here about half a mile. Across the road is a fellow with a lime kiln. An Alderman from Pittsburg came on here a few weeks ago, and happened to visit the kiln, and the owner has been so stuck up ever since that you can't touch him with a ten-foot pole. Say!"

"Yes."

"Come down to my shop and straddle a shaving-horse and sit there 10 minutes and I'll buy you a new hat! That Alderman was a big thing, and it was something to crow over, but if I can get a wholesale merchant from New York City into my cooper-shop there won't be another church festival in this Town without I 'tend the door and my wife makes the soup!"

Arkansas Ways.

Arkansaw Traveler.

"Will you please lend me your ax?" said an immigrant, stopping at the fence surrounding a log cabin and addressing a citizen of Arkansaw, "My wagon broke down back here a piece, and it puts me out pretty badly, I assure you. I won't keep it long. Will you lend it to me?"

"I would if it wan't fur one thing," the squatter, for such he was, replied.

"What's that?"

"Ain't got nary'n."

"You don't pretend to say that you haven't got an ax, do you?"

"Noah, don't pretend ter say it, but jest say it."

"How do you get along without an ax?"

"Don't git along without one."

"Didn't you say you didn't have one?"

"Yesh."

"Then you have one?"

"Nock."

"My friend, I hate to call a man a liar, but I'm afraid this occasion demands it. You are a liar one way or another. I don't know which."

"Ef I thought that yer meant that I'd git over thar an' crawl over yer till yer dog would meet yer in the road an' would't reconnize yer, but I don't b'leve yer mean it. Yer see, I uster have a ax, but I broke it, an' since then I have been borryin' from one o' the neighbors, but I ain't got it now."

"How far does the neighbor you speak of live from here?"

"'Bout six miles."

"He's not your closest neighbor, is he?"

"Nock."

"Then why do you go so far to borrow an ax?"

"Wall, yer see, if I borried it from a close neighbor he could step over an' git it any time, but when I borry it from a feller that lives so fur away, he waits a good while before he comes after it."

"Why don't you buy an ax?"

"It's cheaper ter borry it."

"But you lose a great deal of time going after it?"

"No more than the other fellow does in comin' arter it. Wall, good day, fur I've got ter go out and borry a tub the ole 'omans got too high-toned ter wash in the branch."

Water as a Thirst Quencher.

Philadelphia Evening Call.

"Did you ever suffer extreme hunger or thirst?" was asked of a Kentucky Colonel who had been relating some solid stories about himself.

"Well," he replied, "I never suffered what might be called extreme hunger, but no man knows how to endure the agonies of thirst better than I do."

"I remember the time well," he continued, retrospectively. "I was on a fishing excursion and became lost in the woods. For three days not a drop passed my lips. My lengthened absence finally caused alarm and a party was sent out in search of me. They found me lying in an unconscionsious condition on the bank of a little trout stream, and it was hours before any hopes of saving me was entertained."

"Was the trout stream dry?" asked one of the interested listeners.

"Dry? Certainly not. How could I catch fish if the stream was dry?"

"Well, I don't see how you could suffer from thirst with a stream of water close at hand."

"Water close at hand?" repeated the Kentucky Colonel. "And what has water got to do with a man's being thirsty?"

The Lime Kiln Club.

Detroit Free Press.

"Did I understan' de Cha'r to make use ob de word 'accumulate'?" inquired Elder Penstock, as he suddenly rose up.

"You did, sah!"

"Yes—ah—jess so—jess so. De Cha'r understands, I presume—"

"Brudder Penstock, it am in my power to fine you $7,000 fur disturbin' de meetin'."

"Yes, sah, but—"

"An' I shall perceed to do so unless you sot down wid concurrent energy. If dis Cha'r makes use of words an' phrases dat you can't understan', de proper way fur you am to wait till you git home an den consult de geography or arithmetic fur expianashuns. Sot down, sah—sot down befo' you am finashully wrecked and mentally engendered!"

The Elder turned the color of a gray goose as he stood for a moment with his eyes open, and then a sudden weakness struck his knees and he fell back on the bench in a way to jar the room.

The Boss of the House.

Philadelphia Call.

Jones—"I see the contest for the Speakership is settled?"

Smith—"Oh! you do, eh? Well, I think you had better mind your own business."

Jones—"Why, neighbor Smith, you amaze me. Have I not a right to take an interest in that contest?"

Smith—"No, I don't think you have. It is abusing your seeing and hearing advantages as a near neighbor."

Jones—"I really do not catch your meaning."

Smith—"Well, I will make my ideas a little plainer then. You say the contest for the Speakership is settled, but I may as well tell you frankly that it will continue to go on, and I hope you will keep your eyes and ears to yourself until it is settled. My white came out ahead this morning, I admit, but I will be the speaker of that house yet—see if I don't."

Really Refreshing.

Wall Street News.

It is almost invariably the case that when a cashier robs, or a clerk steals, or a treasurer defaults in any part of the country, he begs off by declaring that he speculated in Wall street and lost. It is therefore really refreshing to learn of a case in which Wall street was not to blame. It occurred in a Town in Ohio the other day. The owner of a private bank discovered a shortage of $2,000, and rushed for his cashier.

"Yes, I took the money," was the calm reply.

"What for!"

"To speculate in Wall street."

"And you lost it all?"

"Not much; I am just $12 000 ahead, after paying back. The money will be here by express at noon."

"By George! but you are a keener, Joe—just too sharp and shrewd for anything. Put in $10,000 and become a partner; you are a chap I can count on."

His Honorable Son.

Wall Street News.

One was a United States Senator, and the other a Wall street speculator. The speculator led off with:

"Let's see; you had a son?"

"Yes, sir, so I had," bitterly replied the other.

"And he—he is not in politics?"

"No, sir—no, sir! I gave him $5,000 to make his canvass for State Senator of Ohio, and what did he do?"

"Bought stocks?"

"No, sir. He went into a liver-pad company and made $20,000 in six months! And may you never know what it is to have a plebeian son—a son who prefers liver-pads and money to fame and dignity!"

A Victim's Estimate of Fun.

Lowell Citizen.

"You smart Alecks have a fine sense of humor—you have. You'd find something to laugh at at a funeral; how the yellow fever scourge must amuse you! The story of Herod's slaughter of the babes would tickle you into fits. Oh! howl away, durn you! I shall probably die; but don't let that check your mirth—I can still continue to furnish you with a great deal of rational enjoyment. When things get a little dull here you will always be welcome to come down to the boneyard and sit around my grave and grin at the headstone."

Heard in New York.

Philadelphia Call.

Mrs. Knickerbockerspurtendyvil—"Were you at the Vanderbilt ball last evening?"

Mrs. Hendrickhudsonstuyvesantsquare (in high disdain).—"Not I! were you?"

Mrs. Knickerbockerspuytendyvil (in high disdain)—"Not I."

They Won't?

Boston Herald.

The Democrats have a large working majority in the House, and do not need to seat any bogus Congressmen.

Brown's Bronchial Troches for Coughs and Colds: "I do not see how it is possible for a public man to be himself in Winter without this admirable aid."—*Rev. R. M. Bevens, Pocasset, Mass.*

The Camp Fire.

SEASONABLE REMEMBRANCES.

FIRST WEEK OF JANUARY, 1862.

The first week of January, 1862, was without any special event. The Army of the Potomac lay quietly around Washington, with nothing to disturb the even tenor of its ways, except the growling by the loyal press and people at the unconscionable delays.

In the West Geo. H. Thomas and Zollicoffer were getting into close quarters in readiness for their savage little engagement at Mill Springs. Gen. Don Carlos Buell was still in the neighborhood of Munfordsville, feeling his way carefully toward his brilliant antagonist—Albert Sidney Johnston—who lay at Bowling Green.

Grant was at Cairo, making ready for his assault on Forts Henry and Donelson, and Pope and Curtis were in Southern Missouri, preparing to sweep down the west bank of the Mississippi.

The expedition against New Orleans was developing force and form.

FIRST WEEK IN JANUARY, 1863.

The Army of the Potomac, after making the famous "Mud March," in which a terrible storm broke up another movement ordered by Burnside against Fredericksburg, settled back into its cantonments, and awaited a change of Commanders, which shortly came.

On the 1st of January, Wheeler, operating in the rear of Rosecrans, appeared at Las Vergne—which is half-way between Murfreesboro and Nashville, and made a determined attack on a little stockade there, held by the First Michigan Engineers, who repulsed him very handsomely.

The operations of the 1st and 2d on the left of the Army of the Cumberland, were described in last week's CAMP FIRE. On the 3d everything was quiet between the lines of battle, until 6 o'clock in the evening, when Thomas went out on his front with two brigades and drove away the Rebels he found there. That night Bragg retreated. The 4th was spent burying the dead and on the 5th the Army of the Cumberland entered Murfreesboro.

After Sherman's repulse at Cickasaw Bayou, he gathered his forces together at the mouth of the Yazoo, and started back up the river.

FIRST WEEK IN JANUARY, 1864.

All the armies were in Winter quarters.

FIRST W

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication, but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Math matical problems and questions in grammat ical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this Department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations doing a general business. The BLADE'S endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are advised to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for the department should never be written on the same sheet with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondent's Department."

A. F., Riverside, Idaho:
Please tell me the value of a half dollar made in 1853.

It ought to be worth 50 cents.

Jno. Conover, O.: 1. Write to F. A. Lehmann, 37 Seventh street, Washington, D. C., in regard to copyright, trade mark, etc. 2. Lippincott's Magazine is published in Philadelphia; price $3.

J. A., Severy, Ks.:
Please mention a few of the papers that are published at Manistee, Mich.

Advocate, Independent, Times, Times and Standard.

J. S. N., Fowzal, Vt.:
Please give the address of several Masonic newspapers.

Masonic Review Cincinnati, O.; Masonic Newspaper, New York City; Keystone, Philadelphia; Masonic Advocate, Indianapolis, Ind.

J. H. Mc., Brookville, Pa.:
Where and by whom was the first balloon ascension made?

Pilatre des Rosiers and Marquis d'Arlandes made the first aerial voyage, November 21, 1783. They remained in the air 25 minutes, and sailed across the Seine and over a considerable part of Paris.

A. V. B., Florida, O.:
1. Was Richard M. Johnson, Vice-President under Martin VanBuren, the same person that is supposed to have killed the Indian Chief Tecumseh? 2. Where can I purchase a publication called John Russell Young's History of Gen. Grant's travels around the world?

1. Yes, but the statement is not generally credited. 2. Harper Bros., we think.

M. P., Kingwood, Pa.:
Please give me the names of the Collectors of Customs of the following ports: Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, New Orleans, Baltimore, Detroit.

Boston, Roland Worthington; New York, W. H. Robertson; Philadelphia, John F. Hartranft; Chicago, Jesse Spalding; New Orleans, A. S. Badger; Baltimore, E. H. Webster; San Francisco, E. L. Sullivan.

Alvie, Clarksburg, Mo.:
1. Do the Government provide to pay soldiers' claims? 2. Where can you tell me where I can obtain Rose Sherwin's work denouncing infidelity? 3. Is it true that the Government is casting in the five-cent pieces bearing on "V" in the place of a figure "5" on account of counterfeiters plating and passing them for $5 in gold? 4. If so, at what premium?

1. No. 2. No. 3. Their coinage was discontinued for that reason. 4. There is no premium.

C. P. E., Spartenburg, Ind.:
1. Is the District of Columbia taxed—that is, the White House, etc., not the private property? 2. Can the President expel anyone from office without the advice of the Senate? 3. Is there a specific amount of population required before a Territory can become a State?

1. The Government property is not taxed. 2. Except Judges of the Supreme Court, he can suspend or remove, for cause. 3. No, but the usual rule is that the population must be as large as that of a Congressional District.

M. V. B., Perry City, N. Y.:
1. What is best to do for a young dog that has mange? 2. Where can I write to obtain premium on some old copper coins?

1. Corrosive sublimate, one-quarter ounce; spirits of salt (muriatic acid), one-half ounce; water, one quart. Or: Corrosive sublimate, one drachm; sal-ammoniac, one-half ounce; water, one pint. Or: To the last add strong decoction of white hillebore, one-half pint. If these remedies fail, kill the dog. 2. Answered for the last time last week.

E. I., G., Mus at ne, Iowa:
I have a horse with a small enlargement on the inside of the hock, similar to a bone spavin, but he is not lame. When treating the disease it disappears and swells from the hock downward, and when the treatment it returns. Please give me a remedy.

Cold water applications should be kept upon the parts; cloths wet with tincture of arnica, half a pint to a gallon of water, are very useful; or try the following ointment: Dry iodine, one drachm; iodide of potassa, one drachm; lard, one ounce; mix well together, and use once a day.

Nellie, Clarks, Neb.:
I read some months ago of a medical firm or institute that used mesmerism or animi l magnetism, instead of ether or chloroform, when performing surgical operators; can you tell me if it is so, and give their address?

Some swindling firm, no doubt. About one person in ten, perhaps, can be "mesmerized" by a steady gaze at some fixed object, which produces weariness, leaves the mind open to any suggestion, and thus permits the operator to play upon him as an instrument. The police should have the address of all such "medical" firms.

H. H. F., Clinton Furnace, W. Va.:
1. Please give the dates of the birth of Chester A. Arthur and Rutherford B. Hayes. 2. Who was Gen. Halleck? 3. When was Toledo first settled?

1. Arthur, October 15, 1830; Hayes, October 4, 1822. 2. A graduate of West Point; appointed Major General in 1861, and succeeded Fremont in command of the Western Department; appointed General-in-Chief July 11, 1862 and was Gen. Grant's chief of staff from March 4, 1864, to April 19, 1865. He served in the war with Mexico, where he greatly distinguished himself. He died in 1872. 3. Settled in 1832, and incorporated in 1836.

W. B., Monteaim, Mich.:
1. What causes the different colors in water? 2. What is the cause of so much prairie land west of the Mississippi? 3. Where could I get a good book on a description of the Western States and Territories?

1. The peculiar colors displayed by various rivers are probably due to a solution of carburetted hydrogen, to the luxuriance of vegetation, and the plants and herbs on the grounds over which they flow; but there are various other causes imparting peculiar characteristics to the waters of streams. When the atmospheric waters sink into the soil, either directly or after being impregnated with the products of organic decay, they undergo changes dependent upon the nature of the strata through which they pass. 2. High authority holds it to be the result of surface erosion under peculiar conditions. 3. Write to Lee & Shepard, Boston.

D. M., Hicksville, O.:
What is the best time made by any railroad train, and on what road?

We republish the following dispatch to the BLADE, dated Buffalo, May 3, 1883: "Returning from the annual meeting of the Michigan Central at Detroit to-day, the Vanderbilt party came over the Canada Southern Division to Niagara Junction, where they took the Niagara branch and ran to the Suspension Bridge, thence to Rochester and eastward to New York. The trip to Niagara Junction was made available for testing two recently completed engines that were built for speed. The train consisted of three special coaches, and was hauled from Detroit to St. Thomas by Engine 109, which was recently turned out of the McQueen Locomotive Works at Schenectady. The dispatcher at St. Thomas states that it was in charge of Engineer Upper. The run from Essex Center to St. Thomas (96 miles) was made in 96 minutes, including two stops of seven minutes. At St. Thomas a change of power was made, and Engine 402, with Isaac Degell at the throttle, coupled on. He covered the 116 miles intervening between St. Thomas and Niagara Junction in as many minutes, making three stops and slacking twice at bridges. The dispatcher before mentioned, however, says that the distance was accomplished in two hours and 23 minutes, including 10 stops of 36 minutes, making the actual running time 111 minutes. The total run from Essex Center to the Junction (212 miles) deducting stoppages, was made in 206 minutes, which is the fastest time on record on any American road."

J. T. C., Montrose, Mo.: Write to Lee & Shepard, Boston.

E. W. P., Endicott, Neb.:
How much is a silver twenty-five cent piece worth of 1883?

Without arrows, $3.50—if you can find anyone to buy it.

C. F. H., Rankin, Ill.:
To whom should I apply for employment with a Government surveying party through the West?

Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C.

V. K. M., Six Lakes:
Please state the number and locality of the Government Land Offices in Washington Territory.

Olympia, Walla Walla, Vancouver, Colfax.

Reader, Jonesville, Mich.:
Please give the address of the Superintendent or General Manager of the Michigan & Ohio Railroad. I have asked this once before, but will try again.

We have answered this once before, but will try again. Luther Allen is the General Superintendent, Toledo, O.

If ex-soldiers who think they are entitled to bounty will write to the Second Auditor, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C., stating name, regiment, date and cause of discharge, how much bounty has been paid, etc., they will receive a blank which will enable them to determine whether they have any claim against the Government.

I. S. B., Mt. Bliss, Mich.:
Please state what duty there is on seeds of various kinds.

Hemp seed and rape seed, and other oil seeds of like character, other than linseed or flaxseed, one-quarter of one cent per pound. Garden seeds, except seed of the sugar beet, 20 per cent. ad valorem. Bulbs and bulbous roots, not medicinal, and not otherwise provided for, 20 per cent. ad valorem.

L. A. W., Mulberry, Ind.:
1. Where does corkwood grow? 2. Is it the wood or the bark that is used for corks?

1. Spain, Portugal, Italy, Algeria and the South of France—Portugal furnishing the largest supply. 2. When the tree is 15 years old the barking is commenced, and may be repeated every eight or 10 years afterward, the bark increasing in quantity, though not in quality at each operation. Trees thus barked will, it is said, live 150 years. The cork is removed from the trees in July and August. This is done by making incisions around the tree and logitudinally to the root, when the pieces are easily detached. These are then soaked in water, pressed under heavy weights, dried before a fire and packed in bales for exportation. The cork cutters divide the sheets of cork into narrow strips, and, after cutting these of the proper length, round them into a cylyndrical form with a very sharp, thin-bladed knife. There is also a machine by which a man can make more in a day than he can by hand in 30 days.

D. M. S., Florida, O.:
1. What part of Kansas is best adapted to agriculture? 2. Would you advise me to go West? If so, what part?

1. The most prolific winter wheat producing section lies along the Arkansas River, between Great Bend and the line of Indian Territory; directly north of this, along the Kansas, Smoky Hill, and Saline rivers, and on the divide between these. The cluster of 12 contiguous Counties—Saline, Dickinson, Marion, McPherson, Rice, Barton, Reno, Harvey, Sedgwick, Butler, Cowley and Sumner—produced in 1878 about 50 per cent. of the winter wheat harvest of the entire State. The richest spring wheat district lies directly north of this, on lands watered by the three leading northern tributaries, the Solomon, the Republican, and the Big Blue. A cluster of seven Counties—Smith, Jewell, Republic, Washington and Marshall, next the Nebraska line, and Mitchell and Cloud, immediately south of there—produced 59 per cent. of all the spring wheat raised in the State, in 1878. The great herds of cattle and hogs are found in Northeastern Kansas, where the great corn fields are also to be found. 2. The BLADE does not offer advice about "going west." Ohio is not a bad State to live in.

H. C., Gainesville, N. Y.:
1. Is an insurance policy considered good security for the loan of money? 2. If so, please give the address of such corporations or individuals who loan under such security. 3. Is there Government land in Florida on or near the line of railroads, and where? 4. Please give latest statistics showing the quantity and value of the products of Florida. 5. What is the rate of mortality in the various States of the Union?

1-2. There are dealers in all large cities who advance money on such security. Look through the advertising columns of city papers. 3. There are over 80,000,000 acres of public land in Florida; write to the register at Gainesville. 4. The BLADE has published numerous letters from Florida, giving all the information desired. 5. The following is compiled from the last census report:

States and Territories.	Population.	Total deaths at all ages. Males.	F'mal's
Alabama	1,262,505	8,842	9,067
Arkansas	802,525	7,741	7,071
Arizona	40,440	207	84
California	864,694	7,395	4,125
Colorado	194,327	1,610	727
Connecticut	622,700	4,629	4,550
Dakota	135,177	561	264
Delaware	146,608	1,112	1,099
District of Columbia	177,975	2,110	2,082
Florida	269,493	1,619	1,540
Georgia	1,542,359	10,264	10,757
Idaho	32,610	201	122
Illinois	3,077,871	23,038	21,319
Indiana	1,978,301	15,971	15,242
Iowa	1,624,615	10,187	9,153
Kansas	996,096	7,187	7,359
Kentucky	1,648,690	11,947	11,771
Louisiana	939,946	7,362	6,075
Maine	648,936	4,222	4,811
Maryland	934,943	6,818	6,801
Massachusetts	1,783,085	16,416	16,763
Michigan	1,636,937	10,407	9,836
Minnesota	780,773	4,762	4,168
Mississippi	1,131,597	7,456	7,062
Missouri	2,168,380	19,037	17,378
Montana	39,159	225	111
Nebraska	452,402	3,112	1,818
Nevada	62,266	533	158
New Hampshire	346,991	2,709	2,815
New Jersey	1,131,116	9,324	8,900
New Mexico	119,565	1,117	1,089
New York	5,082,871	44,353	42,856
North Carolina	1,398,750	10,393	10,454
Ohio	3,198,062	22,079	20,531
Oregon	174,768	1,034	830
Pennsylvania	4,282,891	35,053	30,398
Rhode Island	276,531	2,316	2,256
South Carolina	995,577	8,592	7,479
Tennessee	1,542,359	12,500	12,119
Texas	1,591,749	13,121	11,614
Utah	143,963	1,270	1,144
Vermont	332,286	2,742	2,519
Virginia	1,512,565	12,216	12,465
Washington	75,116	467	288
Wisconsin	1,315,497	8,592	7,479
Wyoming	20,789	119	70
Total	50,155,783	381,965	364,338

Jett, Arcadia, Pa.:
1. Does the sun vary—that is, does it more in any way? 2. I have heard people say that no timepiece could be correct, kept with the sun. If the sun varies, what point is calculated from? 3. What kind of mineral will prevent a compass from working? When placed in certain places here among the mountains the needles will not move. Please tell the cause.

1. Sidereal time, or star time, is unvarying, and is much used by astronomers. What is called the civil or solar day, measured between two meridian passages of the sun, is about four minutes longer than the sidereal day. When the earth has made one complete turn, so as to bring the meridian of the place to the same position among the fixed stars as when it was noon the day before, the sun has in the meantime (apparently) moved eastward nearly one degree among the stars, and it takes the earth about four minutes more to move round so as to overtake him. As the earth moves in her orbit with varying speed, the rate of the sun's motion in the ecliptic, which is caused by that of the earth, must also vary. The consequence is that the length of the solar day is constantly fluctuating; and to get a fixed measure of solar time astronomers have to imagine a sun moving uniformly in the celestial equator, and completing its circuit in the same time as the real sun. The time marked by this imaginary sun is called mean solar time; when the imaginary sun is on the meridian, it is mean noon; when the real sun is on the meridian, it is apparent noon. It is obvious that a sun-dial must show apparent time, while clocks and watches keep mean time. Only in four days of the year do these two kinds of time coincide. In the interval, the sun is always either too fast or too slow; and the difference is called the equation of time, because when added to or subtracted from apparent time, it makes it equal to mean time. Astronomers reckon the day as beginning at noon, and count the hours from 1 to 24. 2. The compass is liable to err in its indications from causes, some of a local and others of a general nature. The former are mostly beyond the skill of man to control. On certain lines upon the earth's surface, called lines of no variation, the needle points toward the pole. Such a line passes near Wilmington, N. C., Charlottesville, Va., and Pittsburg, Pa. On the eastern side of this line the variation of the needle is toward the west, increasing in amount with the distance from it. On the other side of the line of no variation, the declination is toward the east. This variation undergoes a progressive change in amount, and, after long periods, changes in direction, vibrating, in fact, between certain limits. In the Eastern States the north pole of the needle is moving westward at the rate of about one degree in 12 years.

V. B., Westfield, Pa.:
1. Is there much of a demand for stenographers? 2. What wages are paid??

1. No. 2. From $2 to $10 a day.

E. S., Cairo, W. Va.:
When and by whom was the first National Thanksgiving Proclamation issued?

In 1798, by Washington, for the adoption of the Constitution.

O. S., Scotch Point:
To settle a dispute, let me know where Robert Burns' remains lie.

Dumfries. A monument was erected to his memory in 1813.

W. H. B., Osco, Neb.:
Is there any United States military school besides the one at West Point? If so, where is it, and when established?

By an act of Congress, passed in 1866, the President is authorized to detail officers of experience to act as Professors in institutions of learning having upward of 150 male students; and several institutions have availed themselves of such instructions. An artillery school was organized at Fortress Monroe in 1867. In nearly every military department there are schools of instruction in military signaling and telegraphy, and there is a School of Application for Infantry and Cavalry at Fort Leavenworth.

Printer, Winchester, Va.:
1. Can a middle-aged amateur who can set 4,000 ems a day increase his speed by practice? 2. Having some taste, would he be likely to succeed best as a job compositor? 3. At what rate are job compositors paid? 4. How do the great cities compare with each other in respect to wages paid for newspaper composition?

1. Yes. 2. Yes. 3. From to $2 to $3 per day. First-class job printers are scarce. 4. The highest rates are paid in San Francisco, next Galveston, New Orleans, Charleston, Baltimore, Chicago, New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, Cincinnati, etc.

DOES THE NEW YEAR COME TO-NIGHT, MAMMA?

Inquiry was made for this poem several months ago, and three or four copies sent for publication. We make room for it now, in the last issue of the WEEKLY BLADE in 1883:

Does the new year come to-night, mamma?
I'm tired of waiting so,
My stockings hung by the chimney side
Full three days, days ago;
I run to peep within the door at early morning's light,
They're empty still, O say, mamma,
Does the new year come to-night?

Does the new year come to-night, mamma?
The snow is on the hill,
And the ice must be two inches thick
Upon the meadow rill.
I heard you tell papa, last night,
His boy must have a sled,
(I did not mean to hear) mamma,
And a pair of skates, you said.

I prayed for just those things, mamma,
I shall be full of glee,
And the orphan boys in the village school
Will all be envying me.
I'd give them toys and lend them books,
And make their New Year's glad:
For God, you say, takes back his gifts
When little folks are bad.

And won't you let me go, mamma,
Upon the New Year's day,
And carry something nice and warm
To poor old widow Gray?
I'll leave the basket near the door,
Within the garden gate,
Will the New Year come to-night, mamma?
It seems so long to wait.

The New Year comes to-night, mamma,
I saw it in my sleep;
My stocking hung so full, I thought—
Mamma, what makes you weep?
But it only held a little shroud—
A shroud and nothing more,
And an open coffin made for me,
Was standing on the floor.

It seemed so very strange indeed,
To find such gifts, instead
Of all the toys I wished so much,
The story books and bread;
And while I wonderer what it meant,
You came with tearful joy,
And said, "Thou'lt find the New Year's suit
God calleth thee, my boy!"

It is not all a dream, mamma,
I know it must be true;
But I have been so bad a boy,
God taketh me from you?
I don't know what papa will do
When I'm laid to rest,
And you will have no Willie's head
To fold upon your breast.

The New Year comes to-night, mamma,
Put your hand beneath my cheek,
And raise my head a little more,
It is so hard to speak.
You need not fill my stockings now,
I cannot go and peep;
Before the morning sun is up
I'll be so sound asleep.

I shall not want the skates, mamma,
I'll never need the sled;
But won't you give them both to Blake,
Who lives on Frog Pond?
He used to hide my books away,
And tear the pictures, too,
But now he'll know I forgive him,
As then I tried to do.

And if you please, mamma, I'd like
The story book and slate
To go to little Gertrude Bernard's boy
You would not let me hate;
And, dear mamma, you won't forget,
Upon the New Year's day,
The basket full of something nice,
For poor old widow Gray?

The New Year comes to-night, mamma,
It seems so very soon,
I think God didn't hear me ask
For just another June,
I know I've been a thoughtless boy,
And made you too much care,
And, may be for your sake, mamma,
He does not hear my prayer.

There's one thing more: my pretty pets,
The robin and the dove;
O keep for you and dear papa,
And teach them how to love.
The garden hoe, the little rake—
You'll find them nicely laid
Upon the garret floor, mamma,
The place where last I played.

I thought to need them both, so oft,
When Summer comes again,
To make my garden by the brook,
That trickles through the glen.
I thought to gather flowers, too,
Beside the forest walk,
And sit beneath the apple trees,
Where once we sat to talk.

It cannot be; but you will keep
The Summer flowers green,
And plant a few for me, mamma,
A very few I mean,
Where I'm asleep; I'd sleep so sweet,
Beneath the apple tree,
When you and robin in the morn,
Way to you and sing to me.

The New Year comes, good night, mamma,
Lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord—tell poor papa,
My soul to keep—if I—
How cold it seems—how dark—kiss me—
Mamma I cannot see,
The New Year comes to-night, mamma,
The old—year—dies—with—me.

Delayed Subscriptions.

[NOTE—Subscribers wishing a change in their postoffice address must, in all cases, give their FORMER as well as their PRESENT address.]

It sometimes happens that persons order the BLADE mailed to them and fail to receive after a reasonable time has elapsed. Why this is will readily be seen from the following list of persons sending money for the BLADE and failing either to sign their names or give their address:

Letter containing $1, no name or address.
Letter containing $1, dated at Sonora, no County or State, signed Thos. Ainsley.
Letter containing 3c., postmarked at Roanoke, Ind., no name or order.
Letter containing 25 cents, no address, signed Th. G. Gay.
Letter containing $1, no address, signed C. B. Throckmorton—three of the papers to go to Providence, no State given.
If D. L. Koons, of Granite Bend, will give his full address the papers will be sent him.
Letter containing $2, to pay for papers for J. S. Cameron and J. N. Replogle, signed Maggie Chrisey, no address.
Letter containing 75c., no date, signed by Mattie Sutton.
Letter containing $1, no address, signed Wm. McGowen.
Letter containing $1, no date, orders specimen copies for Thos. Jones, D. H. Burnett and others.
Letter containing $1, dated at Beaver Springs, no County or State, signed Dr. H. J. Smith.
Letter containing $1, no date, signed C. D. Burkhart.
Letter containing 30 cents, dated at Lagrange, no County or State, signed E. A. Bredt.
Letter containing $1, signed J. I. Fulton, no address.
If J. I. Page, of Perry, will give his full address we will comply with his request.
If Dr. J. H. Smith, of Beaver springs, will give his full address, his paper will be sent.
Letter containing $1, dated at Westport, no County or State, signed Mrs. M. L. Norton.
Letter containing $1, postmarked Lebanon Ind., no order and no address or name.
Letter containing $2, dated at Germania, no County or State, signed E. King.
Letter containing $4, no address, signed T. R. Points.
If J. L. Little, P. M., will give his full address his complaint will be looked up.
Letter containing $1 orders book, no address, signed J. T. Robinson, M. D.
Letter containing 90c., dated at Kingsley, no County or State, to pay for paper for H. Roster signed Robert Kelly, P. M.
Letter containing $1, no address, signed O. Williams, Box 78, Oneida Co., N. Y.
Letter containing $1, dated at Howells, no County or State, signed C. H. Shaw.
Letter containing $1, no address, signed David Tower.
Letter containing $1, no address, signed G. Drummond.
Letter containing $1, no address, signed T. Reynolds.
Letter containing 10c., no address, signed A. P. Higley.

SOLDIERS' CLAIMS.

Every Soldier disabled in service and in line of duty, by wound, injury or disease, is entitled to pension. Widows, Minor Children, Dependent Father or Mother, or minor brothers and sisters of soldiers, whose death was due to military service, are entitled. Thousands of Pensioners Entitled to Increases, Honorable Discharges, and Certificates of Lost Discharges, obtained. Charge of desertion removed. Horse claims payable to January, 1884. Bounty still due in many cases. Send 6c. in postage for New Laws, Rulings and Decisions. H. B. BEMIS & Co., 712 Eleventh St., Washington, D.C.

Royal Nepotism.
Robert Laird Collier, in Chicago Tribune.

The Duke of Edinburg has just been appointed to the command of the "Channel Squadron"—a very lucrative post in the English Navy, and which is almost a sinecure. This appointment has been been made over the heads of several unemployed Admirals, who are justified in resenting this quite common nepotism, which characterizes the wishes, and, as far as decency and authorities will permit, the actions of the Queen. All Her Majesty's sons are well provided for, and yet she is never satisfied with their worldly prospects, but shoves them into every vacant post where there is money. It is estimated that the Queen saves annually from her Parliamentary allowance alone, $400,000. She receives annually $2,750,000. Her Majesty's personal wealth is said to be enormous, and her investments are sources of constant thought and care with her. Notwithstanding that the nation pays the Queen this £550,000 a year, she does not maintain her own family out of that sum, for we find the following amounts voted from time to time by Parliament at Her Majesty's request; Crown Princess of Germany, £8,000; Prince of Wales, £40,000; Princess, of Wales, £10,000; Duke of Edinburg, £25,000; Princess Christina, £6,000; Marchioness of Lorne, £6,000; Duke of Connaught, £25,000; Duke of Albany, £25,000; Duchess of Cambridge, £6,000; Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, £6,000; Duke of Cambridge, £12,000; Princess Mary of Teck, £5,000. Besides all these figures there are "royal perquisites" that amount to vast sums, such as the $250,000 the Prince of Wales receives annually from the Duchy of Cornwall. However, according to the glorious British Constitution, royalty can do no wrong, and they who hold to the divine sanction of royalty must pay well those who hold its credentials.

The advantages in the use of Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts are decided, as they are put up in bottles of full measure: they are made from the true fruits and aromatics, without poisonous oils or ethers; they are three times the strength of the ordinary kinds, and impart a delicious flavor, while others have a turpentiny taste and odor.

A Widow's Dress.
New Evening Post.

A very elegant evening dress, lately worn by a young widow in this city, was composed of dead black mourning satin de Lyon, made in Princess style, with a court train falling in superb unbroken folds from the waist. Around the foot of this train was a double box pleating about eight inches deep, of black India silk gauze, with a handsome jet ornament covered with sparkling cut jet pendant set between each full pleating. Down the front of the dress from the throat to the skirt hem was laid a tablier, formed of pleating of the black gauze—having the "blouse" effect over the bust—curving narrowly at the belt, and enlarging into panels below the waist. Down the center of each of these panels were set at intervals a number of magnificent cut jet medalion ornaments of rare design and value. Special jet ornaments were placed upon the short elbow sleeves, and a Vandyke collar covered with a scintilating mass of jet work, half covered the shoulder of the fair lady. The effect of this jet garniture in the gaslight was exceedingly beautiful. A large Portia fan of pale mauve feathers, and a pair of Louis XVI sandals of black satin, embroidered in jet and worn over pale mauve silk stockings, with dressed kid gloves of a shade to match, completed a costume at once striking and recherche.

The interests of humanity seem to demand the publication of the following facts: Two months ago my attention was called to the case of a poor woman who was said to be afflicted with a cancer. I found her with an ulcer on her shoulder at least five inches in circumference, angry, painful and giving the patient no rest day or night for six months. I obtained a supply of Swift's Specific, which I persuaded her to try. She has taken five bottles, the result of which is that the ulcer is entirely healed up, nothing remaining but a small scab, not larger than one's finger nail, and her general health is better than for five years past. She seems to be perfectly cured.

An old man of 67 years has been subject to scrofulous sore five years. He had one on his cheek as large as a silver dollar, swollen, raw and constantly exuding very offensive matter. Another on his foot of the same character, and several on his hands, all of about two and a half years standing. His general health was poor, and he could scarcely get about at all. He has taken eight bottles of Swift's Specific. The sores are all well, leaving scarcely a vestige of their former existence, and his general health better than it has been in ten years. I consider its effects wonderful—almost miraculous. REV. JESSIE H. CAMPBELL, Columbus, Ga., October 17, 1883.

A Military Man Made Happy.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Gen. G. C. Kniffin in a letter stating his wife was cured of a painful ailment by St. Jacobs Oil, writes that after witnessing its magical cure of pain he would cheerfully pay $100 for a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, if he could not get it cheaper.

An Anecdote of Peter Cooper.

The head of the Woman's Art School of the Cooper Institute writes of Peter Cooper in the December *Century*: "One day he stood watching the portrait class, who, to the number of 30 pupils or more, were drawing likenesses of the same model from different positions. One scholar made the face in profile; another had it turned a little into the shadow; a third saw more of the full face, while others worked still farther into or away from the light. He had stood observing the scene for a few minutes when he said: 'Such a sight as this should be a lesson in charity, when we perceive how the same person may be so different according to the way he is looked at by different people.'"

Try Buckingham's Dye for the whiskers; it is an elegant, safe and reliable article, cheap and convenient for use, and will not rub off.

No Other Purpose so Far as Known.
Boston Herald.

A Democratic organ says its party "can survive any amount of mistakes." It has displayed a wonderful vitality in this matter for the past 20 years. But is it here for no better purpose than to show its ability to survive mistakes?

—Diphtheria poisons the blood. Convalescents should take Hood's Sarsaparilla to neutralize and eradicate the poison matter.

Pointer for Mr. Carlisle.
Philadelphia Times.

Mr. Carlisle has but to drive the Free-Trade wedge to make it split his party.

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THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubs.

D. R. LOCKE, Editor.
JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, THURSDAY, December 27, 1883.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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TOLEDO, O.

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Circulation Last Week, 115,000.

PERSONS who are not subscribers to the BLADE who receive this number will understand that we want them to examine it carefully, and enroll themselves on our books. The BLADE at $1 a year is the cheapest paper in the world, and we believe, for the family, it is the best. We send the great engraving of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress and the BLADE one year for $2.

BEER: ITS EFFECT UPON THE HUMAN SYSTEM—A VERY IMPORTANT WORK.

We are now interviewing every physician and surgeon in Toledo, and many prominent ones elsewhere, for the purpose of ascertaining the effect of beer and other malt liquors on the human system, mentally and physically.

Beer is the most effective drunkard-maker in the world, for the reason that it sails under a deceptive flag. It has been tolerated and even encouraged, because, being less powerful than whisky, it was held to be a safer drink. These interviews will show precisely the effect of the frightfully prevalent habit of beer-drinking upon the mental and physical man, and if they do not show beer to be as great an enemy to the human race as whisky, we are mistaken. Anyhow we will get at the facts in the case.

These interviews will be published in the WEEKLY BLADE of January 17. That number should be scattered broadcast. Beer is to-day the inner citadel, the entrenched camp, of the Rum Power. We intend to knock a hole in its walls.

The WEEKLY BLADE of that number will be furnished at the rate of two cents a copy, in any number from one to a thousand. Order as many as you can afford, for free circulation, and send your orders in immediately, that we may send them promptly. There ought to be a million copies scattered broadcast over the land. We shall do the work effectively, and the subject will be presented in such a way that it will tell. Order at once.

BEN BUTLER is trying to draw the Massachusetts frost out of his Presidentia boom, and start it to growing again.

THE New York *Tribune* advocates the adoption of the tricycle by the women of America as a means to secure easy and enjoyable exercise.

THE capacity of the nail works in the United States is now 12,576,000 kegs. Toledo has done her share the past year in disposing of their product.

WE ask every subscriber of the BLADE to send us another. We want to double the circulation of the paper, and this is the way to do it. We are laboring for you—do a little to make that labor effective.

WISCONSIN is another stanch Republican State, and her finances have been so well managed that the Governor announces that there will be no need of any taxation for State purposes for at least two years.

THE Canadian papers are complaining that the full returns of elections held 81 days are not yet in. A man has to live to an old age in Canada to get as much into his life as he would get in one year this side of the line.

FIVE comets are now in sight at Buenos Ayres, and the anxious parents of that City find it almost impossible to get the young gentlemen and ladies to bed before midnight. They had something of the same trouble, however, before the comets appeared.

EL MAHDI does not appear to have been advancing so that the English Government have decided not to send any more troops to Egypt at present. EL MAHDI has not given up at this stage when he has made such great advantage. He will, doubtless, soon be heard from.

SEND us another subscriber. Your neighbor will take the BLADE if you ask him to. It will cost you but little trouble and do us and the good cause a world of good. The circulation of the BLADE ought to be doubled this Winter. If every subscriber gets another one it will be.

"GATH" writes to the Cincinnati *Enquirer* that WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT is one of the most brilliant operators in railroad stocks in the country, and is already one of the richest of the young men. The account of his losses last Summer was was greatly exaggerated. It appears that the VANDERBILTS mean to disprove the old idea that three generations are sufficient to sweep away an accumulated property, and each one heaps up instead of spending.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE week has been very quiet in political circles—the main interest centering around the Louisiana Democratic Convention, and the appointment of Committees by Speaker CARLISLE. In the first Gov. MCENERY achieved a somewhat unexpected success. The opposition to him had been very loud and demonstrative, but the energetic action of his adherents at the New Orleans primaries where they shot down two or three leaders of the opposition, and drove the rest off, produced the desired effect of intimidating his opponents, and he went through triumphantly. Speaker CARLISLE'S selections were still more of a surprise. The Ways and Means Committee was given to MORRISON, of Texas, with BLACKBURN third. Courtesy to a competitor was exprest by giving RANDALL the important Committee on Appropriations. Neither COX and BELMONT got the coveted Committee on Foreign Affairs, but it was given to CURTIN, of Pennsylvania, with BELMONT second. COX gets the Naval Committee—a very important one, but one which he hardly appreciates. There is much grief in Washington over the distribution of the best places, which will find expression in the next few days.

THE resignation of HENRY VILLARD of his Presidency of two subsidiary connections of the Northern Pacific Railroad created a profound sensation in Wall street. There is no doubt that he was forced to resign by the dissatisfied stockholders, and there are also grounds for believing that he will also be forced out of the Northern Pacific. The reasons given for this are that he has been conducting the affairs of the road, with a view more to his own profit than any body else's. His wealth is placed at very high figures, while the stockholders are said to have lost $60,000,000 by the depreciation of their property. This must be taken with some allowance, however. No road in the country is paying very well now, while it is almost hopeless to expect profits from a road which, like the Northern Pacific, was only completed last Summer. VILLARD has dictated a statement of his reasons for withdrawing from the Presidency of the Oregon Transcontinental, in which he says he resigned because he wished to devote all his energies to developing the Northern Pacific Road, and it would be improper for him to remain in control of the other companies now that the Northern Pacific is completed. That road and its branches aggregate 2,400 miles in length, which is quite sufficient for one man to attend to. He had been overworked, and his physicians had warned him that without relief from part of his burden he would break down physically. In justice to his family, the stockholders of the companies who had a right to have their interests fully watched, and to himself he had reduced his responsibilities.

THE most important foreign movement during the week past, was the capture of Sontay by the French, which gives them a considerable advantage besides the moral effect of the victory. It has also proved the superiority of the French troops, and gives some ground for the belief that France will have an easy campaign. The next move will be upon Bacnith, if it has not already taken place.

IN England a good deal of excitement prevails because of the great strikes among the cotton weavers, which are increasing in proportions daily. In Blackburn 26,000 looms are idle, and 14,000 in Darwin and Podisham. The Yorkshire miners have struck for an advance in wages, and a general conference of miners is to be held in Manchester on Thursday to organize a universal strike unless the demand is acceded to The strike agitation is spreading into the iron districts of France.

NOTHING new has occurred in Egypt during the past week. No troops have been sent from England, and the probabilities are that the Sultan of Turkey will be allowed to dispatch a Turkish contingent thither should EL MAHDI make any further movement.

THE German Crown Prince has been received in Rome by both the King and the Pope. It is declared that the visit to the latter was simply one of courtesy, and had no political significence.

THE fear of dynamite plots in London seems to be increasing since the execution of O'DONNELL. Mr. GLADSTONE was accompanied to and from church last week by detectives in order to insure his safety. Meanwhile the trial of conspirators has taken place in Edinburg and Cork, those in the former being accused of complicity in the dynamite outrage in Glasgow, and in the latter of a plot to murder landlords in County Mayo. In the former the prisoners have been found guilty.

THE GREAT ENGRAVING OF PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

We have mailed some thousands of the great engraving of BUNYAN'S "Pilgrim's Progress," and are beginning to hear from them. There is but one expression. Everybody is delighted with it, and everybody wonders that so fine an engraving can be almost given away. This is the way it is done: The cost of a picture is caused by the very great cost of engraving the plate. Only a few thousands are expected to be sold in the regular way, and the few who do buy it have to pay this enormous cost. We purchased the plate outright, and are printing the pictures. We send them out at just the cost of printing, getting our pay in the increased circulation of the BLADE and the consciousness that we are beautifying homes, and making somebody the better for it. We assure the public that the engraving is richly worth all that was asked for it when it was sold in the art stores at $10, and that it is good enough for any art collector's walls. We send this beautiful picture and the BLADE one year for $2.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Chicago *Journal* has just been interviewing SUSAN B. ANTHONY, who is now in Washington watching the movements of Congress with an eye to its action upon woman suffrage. She expressed herself confident of the final result sooner or later. The cause was gaining year by year. Already women vote on certain subjects in 11 States and have the full right of suffrage in three of the Territories. Not only that but it was gaining strength in Congress. Miss ANTHONY has labored long and faithfully; has endured more abuse through the press unflinchingly than any other woman living, and it is to be earnestly hoped that she will live long enough to see the cause so near her heart triumph.

THE GROWTH OF THE BEER POWER.

As rapid as has been the growth of the country in population, wealth and everything else, in one thing it has had a growth that may well astonish the world and that is beer. The business has been forced from a mere nothing to one of the most important in the country. From the humblest beginning, 20 years ago, it has swelled in dimensions until it is simply enormous.

Where, 20 years ago, pints were made, it is now hogsheads; and where one modest beer-shop begged for the privilege of existence, a thousand now demand the right to spread disease and death.

And they have increased in viciousness exactly in proportion with their increase in number. The character of the business has changed with its development. When the brewer sold his own manufacture at his brewery, or, at best, supplied a few outlying establishments, no especial effort was made to create a demand for the swash. Then it was consumed in a modest way by those accustomed to its use, the number being kept up by natural causes.

But when capital and business skill was put into the business all that was changed. A systematic effort was inaugurated to *create* a demand for an article which bore so royal a profit, and the business changed from one which merely supplied drunkards to one of manufacturing drunkards.

The brewers went into the business of creating a demand for their beer where none existed, and their methods were just such as might be expected from such a business.

They are not content to debauch men only.

There are in the City of Toledo, and the same may be said of every City, scores of saloons whose brutal keepers make it their principal business to entice boys of from 13 to 16 into their dens, and deliberately corrupt them for their profit. They give the boy credit and prefer that he should not pay. They instruct him that his mother has linen, his father books, and his sister jewelry, and they show him the pawnbroker who will advance him cash upon the property he steals. These are they who keep the Police Courts busy. These are the fitters-out for the penitentiary, This is the agency that stands in arms against the schools, the churches and the good influences of our civilization.

The brewers are accessory to their guilt. There is not one of these entrances to hell that does not get his supplies regularly. The lowest thieves' den is supplied as regularly and promptly as those which make some claim to respectability. They know the nature of his business, and they compete for the privilege of furnishing him the tools he works with. The delivery-wagons of the respectable brewer stop as regularly in front of these places as they do anywhere, and many of them were furnished and fitted up by the brewer. It is simply a question of selling beer—what is done with the beer after it is sold and paid for, makes no difference.

The profits of the business are too great for it to be otherwise. There is a profit of $1 per barrel, were it honestly made. What the profit is, made as it is, no one but the brewers themselves know. It is enough, however, to transform poor men into rich men in an incredibly short space of time—it is enough to make failures in the business unheard of, despite the multiplication of breweries. There is in the business no reason for failure, for no matter how the breweries increase, they have a way of increasing the demand for it, unknown to any other business. A man can only wear out so much shoe-leather in a year, but there is no limit to the demands of a diseased stomach. All the brewer has to do is to disease so many stomachs and his market is sure for just what the victim can earn. His recruiting sergeants, the saloon keepers, attend to that end of the business, and the devilish game goes merrily on. Every laborer enticed into a den, every boy dosed with the stuff, makes a new market and a certain one. Reformatories and inebriate asylums are nothing in his way. What good are inebriate asylums and reformatories when the beer shops are making ten thousand drunkards where one can be cared for? As well attempt to dip up Niagara with a tea-spoon.

This power has grown to a pitch never dreamed of by its founders. It has become a power in politics. It not only refuses to submit to law, but arrogantly assumes to be above all law. In a City like Toledo it has 800 sworn supporters, who, with the votes they control, hold the balance of power between the parties as the lines are now drawn. For years it has compelled all aspirants to political position to bend their knees to it. It has controlled Conventions and ruled States. It has dictated to parties, and its dictation has been obeyed in the most abject manner. The first question in the beer-drinking sections of the country has been, "How will this nomination affect the beer vote?" The saloon interest has been the first to be consulted, making the most vicious element in American society really its ruler.

In Ohio last Fall it defeated the Republican party because it taxed them $200 for the privilege in dealing in liquid death, and in New York it turned upon the head of the Democratic ticket because, once in his life, he voted for a measure opposed to their interests in some degree. The brewers insolently boasted of their achievement in New York, saying that they wanted to serve notice upon the Democracy that it could elect or defeat as it chose.

The brewers have no politics—they are brewers. They control parties, not for any effect upon any given policy, but solely in the interest of beer. They have seized the machinery of parties to make secure their position. They will bargain or sell with either party for protection for their business.

The end of this rule is close at hand. It cannot be that a majority of the American people are willing to delegate the governing power to its worst element. It cannot be that the people are willing to resign the care of the country to the most vicious of all the many elements that make up our population. It cannot be that the majority are willing to doff their caps to a beer keg. It cannot be that they are willing to turn over the country to the beer-barons and the spigot-turners of the country. That is what we are asked to do.

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE BLADE and the great engraving of BUNYAN'S "Pilgrim's Progress" for $2. There is no better investment of money than this.

AMERICAN PORK AND GERMANY

That military autocrat BISMARCK, who controls the German Empire, in obedience to the demand of the land-owners of Germany, prohibited the importation of American pork into his country, alleging the prevalence of trichina. This movement was in the interest of the aristocracy who own, or, at least, hold the land. To enhance the cost of pork to the German people is to increase the rent-paying power of the soil.

Trichina is simply a pretext. It has no foundation in fact. There is no pork in the world more free from trichina than American. German hogs are affected ten to one. Our Government very promptly asked Germany to send a commission of experts to determine the matter, but BISMARCK refused. He did not want the innocence of American pork established—he wanted American pork prohibited; and he did in this matter as he has always done—he arbitrarily prohibited it, and that ended the matter, so far as Germany is concerned.

By this outrageous act the American farmers are cut off from a very important market for one of their leading products, which is a very serious matter to them. It is also an important matter to everybody.

We purchase of Germany some $60,000,000 a year of its manufactures. We take immense quantities of wine, beer, leather goods, knit goods, and other articles, all of which bear a high profit. Our $12,000,000 of pork went some ways toward paying off this enormous sum, and the balance went to Germany in good gold. Now it must all go in gold, if we continue to buy of them.

Our Government has a very clear duty to perform in this matter, and it can't get about it any too soon. With or without a reason the importation of German goods should be prohibited. It doesn't matter much about a pretext. BISMARCK was contented with a very thin one, and we can't afford to stick at thickness. Their wines are aduiterated as is their beer, and the colors they use in their woolens and cottons are unhealthful. That is sufficient. These reasons are quite as good as the baseless trichina.

The importation of everything German should be interdicted until this embargo is taken off our product. If Germany insists upon protecting her pork, let us protect our manufactures. Our exportation of pork products is only $12,000,000—our importations foot up $60,000,000. We can stand it—in fact it would be a positive benefit to us. We should either trade with nations who have some idea of reciprocity, or we should do what is better, manufacture the $60,000,000 of goods that we now import ourselves.

At all hazards our Government should take steps in this matter at once. We owe it to our own self-respect.

We need just such a kick as this to compel us to assert our own importance. We can get along very comfortably without importing a dollar's worth from Germany or any other country. If other nations put up the bars on their side, we certainly should on ours.

No matter what may happen, the importation of German goods should at once be interdicted. It is the only way to help ourselves. When the Hamburg steamers are sailing empty, and the manufacturers of Germany are short the best outside market they have, possibly the Kaiser-controlling BISMARCK may change his policy. If he does it is well—if not, it will at least stiffen our own manufactures, and work good by keeping the amount of money we send thither at home.

This should be the very first business of Congress, and there should be nothing timorous or soft-handed about it. We cannot afford to be perpetually in position for every Nation in Europe to kick.

WHY THE FARMER PAYS.

What would Free Trade cost the farmers of this country?

It would cost them at least 30 cents on every bushel of grain they raise, as well as a proportionate amount on their meat, cotton and other agricultural products.

Why?

Because the farmer must not only pay the expense of transporting to market what grain he sells abroad, but he must take for what he sells at home the price he would get abroad, less the cost of transportation to market.

What would be the average annual cost to each farmer of being compelled find a foreign market.

Not less than $200, or about 20 times the average tax he pays now for all purposes.

Is this all?

No; he must also pay the expense of carrying the goods he buys in return back to him.

Why?

Because the bread producers of the world vastly outnumber the manufacturers, consequently the competition is one-sided. The 45 million farmers in America must enter the market and compete with the 350 millions in Europe, the 200 millions in India, and at least 100 millions in other parts of the world, who are offering breadstuffs to the Europeans. Here we have 700 millions competing with each other in food-raising, while there only about 30 or 40 millions in France, England, Germany and America engaged in manufacturing, and compelled to be customers of the food-producers. It stands to reason that the competition between the 700 million food-producers must be exceedingly sharper than among the 40 million food-consumers, and the farmer is at a continual disadvantage in the struggle.

His only remedy is to bring his food consumer so near him as to have him under control.

TO OUR FRIENDS ESPECIALLY.

We want every one who approves of the course of the BLADE to do something toward extending its circulation. Any paper of positive views and a forcible way of expressing them is certain to make enemies, and enemies are always active. We have made enemies by our vigorous advocacy of truth—hundreds and thousands of them. We ask the friends of good government and social and political purity, to be just as active as their enemies are. We want the BLADE read this Winter by thousands to whom it has been a stranger. We want every subscriber to the BLADE to send us another, now, while the public mind is in condition to be educated. We shall continue as we have begun, and we want the people educated up to the proper standard before the heat of the campaign renders men proof against reason. Spread the BLADE. See that it circulates everywhere. We want 100,000 additional circulation before next April. Commence the good work now.

ALCOHOL IN POLITICS.

Under the above title the *North American Review* publishes an article from the pen of Sen. HENRY A. BLAIR, which handles the subject without gloves. He recognizes in the outset the fact that it is now a "broad and general movement among the masses of the American people," which he does not believe will cease until "the traffic in intoxicating liquors is prohibited by both State and National law." At the same time the conflict will be one of the hottest politically that was ever fought as the continued existence of a vast industry involving $1,000,000,000 depends upon the result.

The approach of this battle which may be considered one between alcohol and modern civilization has been foreseen for years by a few thoughtful people, but disbelieved in by the masses simply because the time had not yet arrived for the great work to be done. Now *the* people—not the politicians and so-called higher classes—but the common people recognize that the next task to be performed in the way of regeneration and development is this one of temperance, which issue "has stalked unbidden to the front and will not be stayed or turned back." Everywhere in the United States the state of mind that gave 320,000 votes for prohibition in Ohio last Fall is ripening with the certain result of the fierce conflict before spoken of.

Mr. Blair briefly discusses the three methods of dealing with the question, Freedom, License and Prohibition, giving the strength of his argument entirely to the last. But in order to give this force, to make it a real and effective remedy it must be national, and not left simply to the States; and the manufacture of liquors must be prohibited as well as the sale. The General Government is supreme and so long as it countenances and protects commerce in alcohol, so long will State prohibitory laws be comparatively inoperative and for this reason: The appetite for alcohol is everywhere, and almost as strong as the love for life, and since the demand exists, and there is a supply protected by the National Government, the latter will find its way in spite of all laws of the State to satisfy the former, at least to a certain degree.

The writer does not argue that the struggles hitherto have been useless, but on the contrary "they are the very life and hope of the cause." They largely restrict and greatly reform, besides creating a public opinion that will finally crystallize in both State and National law. He thinks the time has now come for a movement to bring about that result.

One great step forward is the general demand for the prohibition of the manufacture as well as the sale of intoxicating liquors which can be much easier controlled. The only radical remedy for the evils of alcoholism must then be an amendment of the Constitution of the United States, to be supplemented by appropriate statutes for its enforcement. Mr. BLAIR thinks that there are now vast numbers of voters who are prepared to break away from old party affiliations unless they find in them a readiness to deal with this matter honestly and according to the sense of the people. They will demand from the Presidential nominees a pledge of their willingness to submit by Congressional action such a prohibitory amendment to the Constitution. He proceeds to recommend a form by which the full measure of this great change could be accomplished in due time, just as the slave trade was abolished by a constitutional provision which took effect 20 years after its adoption. The form submitted allows each State to legislate for itself so far as non-distilled liquors are concerned. The war, he thinks, will go on, public sentiment becoming more rather than less determined in dealing with alcohol, until there is a National legislation of the whole matter.

MYSTERIES YET.

It is not only the great number of foul murders that have been lately committed which have startled people everywhere, but the fact that the perpetrators remain undiscovered, the detectives failing in so many instances to find a single clue that leads to any positive result. Connecticut, the staid old nutmeg State, seems to be particularly ill-fated in this respect. ROSE AMBLER, MARY STANNARD, JENNIE CRAMER all sleep in graves about which the mystery hangs as thick and dark as when they were first found done to a violent death, with none near to tell the story.

It is true that in each case some one was accused with a fair presumption of guilt. In the case of Mary STANNARD the Rev. Mr. HAYDEN was arrested and tried twice, but the circumstantial evidence was strong, the jury failed to convict, and a *nolle prosequi* was entered, leaving the problem of her death as far from a solution as ever. All remember the finding of the beautiful JENNIE CRAMER'S dead body, and the long trial of the MALLEY boys for her taking off, but they were acquitted, and nobody knows who was guilty of her murder. Notwithstanding the efforts of the detectives the question of who killed ROSE AMBLER is as far from being answered as ever. Then there are the MAYREE women on Long Island, and later still PHEBE PAULIN, and nearer home, in Jackson Mich., a whole family with its guest are sent into eternity by pistol shots from an unknown hand The first theory in all of these cases that the fearful crimes were the work of tramps has been discarded, and it is believed that their authors are those who knew their victims and their surroundings.

Horrible as these things are the horror is intensified by the failure to find the guilty perpetrators. All of the machinery of the law was, in each case set to work, and signally failed. It is possible that it will be successful in the CROUCH family murder, as that was more recent, and all the resources of the detectives may not yet be exhausted.

It seems that there must be some fatal flaw in the detective service of the country, or murder could not be committed with such complete immunity from consequences. The fact gives a feeling of insecurity to life, since a moment may come any day that some foul motive may prompt to fatal violence, whose perpetrator will probably remain undiscovered.

PERSONS, male or female, who want employment which is certain to be remunerative, will address a postal card to the BLADE. There are men earning an overcoat and ladies a new dress this Winter, and doing it very easily. Full particulars sent upon application.

NEXT to arranging the Committees most of the time of the House, so far, has been devoted to snubbing KELLEY.

TARIFF FOR REVENUE ONLY.

The Democrats encounter a trouble which has always embarrassed them when they have acceded to power on a specious and misleading war-cry. In fact they have always relied upon dishonest and lying campaign catch-phrases to bring them success, and then, when the success has come, have had to be still more dishonest and lying to avoid making their promises good.

Their first victory was the election of JACKSON with the help of a screech against the National Bank, and JACKSON, who was an exceptional Democrat in his belief that consistency was of some importance, destroyed the business of the country in order to make the campaign promises good. He was the first and last Democrat, however, who ever made any sacrifice in the interest of good faith with the voters.

POLK was afterward elected on the "Fifty-four-forty-or-Fight," cry, which meant that we would have northwestern boundary placed at 54 degrees and 40 minutes, or else fight England. Instead of this, his Administration meekly accepted the British proposition of 49 degrees, and gave away about as much territory as would make six States the size of Ohio, or the whole of that magnificent country that now constitutes Manitoba and British Columbia. To divert attention from this shameful backdown they hurried the country into an unprovoked and unjustifiable war with Mexico.

The cry when the majority in the present House of Representatives was elected, was "Tariff for Revenue Only." The meaning of this cry, as we pointed out at the time, is plain and unmistakable It is that all idea of making the Tariff protective in any way must be abandoned. The duties must be imposed solely with an idea of securing an income to the Government, consequently they must encourage importation and discourage home production. There must be a reversal of the present policy, which taxes heavily those things we can produce, and admits free of duty the things we must have, but cannot raise ourselves. It means we must lower the rates on iron, wool, cotton, sugar, wines, liquors, etc., to the point where it will be made most profitable for our people to purchase all the goods of that kind that we need abroad. Then tea and coffee, which are at present on the free list, but which we will have to buy in foreign markets at what ever the cost, will have to be taxed heavily.

This is what the New York *Sun* and several other leading Democratic papers are insisting shall be done. It is what the radical Free Traders of the party claim, with entire truth, is the only logical and consistent course to be pursued, but which the time-servers recognize would subvert the whole business fabric of the country, spread ruin everywhere, and, what appeals still more powerfully to their minds, bury the party under a load of odium which it would be longer in crawling out from under than it has been in living down its iniquitous course during the War.

BISMARCK'S INSULT.

If we tamely submit to the insult offered us by the German pork edicts we offer a premium to any man who becomes jealous of the growth of our commerce to inflict upon it a deadly blow. BISMARCK singled out one of the most important of our interests, one of essential importance to the vast farming vocation, one in which there are millions invested in special packing and warehouses, in machinery, and in commercial operations. He struck what he intended to be a fatal blow at this interest, and it was no fault of his that he did not cause a fatal embarassment, ruin every pork packer and provision dealer in this country, and greatly depreciate the value of every drove o hogs between the two oceans. His intention was bad enough, but it so happened that we had a shortage of corn and meats at home, so that the stoppage of the demand from Germany, Italy, Spain and Greece, which followed BISMARCK'S action, did us no special harm.

But we can not afford for an instant to et such a thing go unrevenged. We can not have our vast commercial interest made the plaything of every foreign politician who chooses to do us an injury. The money and enterprise of our people must have better treatment. The course of Prince BISMARCK is as much of an affront to us as an invasion of our territory would be. He violated every principle of international decency to inflict harm upon us. If he desired to protect German pork-raising, he should have treated all alike, and taxed—even to prohibition—*all* foreign-grown pork. If American pork was especially objectionable, he should, before attemyting to destroy that immensely valuable trade, and doing enormous injury to our people, have made courteous representations to our Government upon the matter.

Instead, his manner towards us is that of a hoodlum on the streets toward a weaker bummer. Never in our history have we been treated with such frank and open insolence.

WRITE FULLY AND PLAINLY.

When remitting for the BLADE, or any other paper, please write plainly and don't forget to add the Postoffice, County and State. Every day we receive scores of letters containing money with no Postoffice, or State. This is the kind of a letter to write:

Enclosed find one dollar, for which send WEEKLY BLADE, one year, to

JOHN SMITH,
Plymouth, Richland Co.,
Ohio.

And then sign your name and the work is done. The proper thing to do, however, is to get your neighbors to join you. The same form will answer. Anyhow, write plainly, distinctly and fully, so that there will be no mistake. We are frequently blamed for non-receipt of papers when the fault is entirely with the sender.

A WRITER in the *Scientific American* demonstrates that while glucose is found in almost all sugars and sirups, no matter how pure they are declared to be, the adulteration is yet a perfectly harmless one. People may partake of it all their lives and yet live to a good old age. It is a pity that the same could not be said of all adulterations.

THE sea serpent which was seen by the men of the Life Saving Service off Long Branch is supposed, by Prof. BAIRD, to be a huge sting-ray, a fish which has projections each side of its snout. It is good to know that there really is something that has a scientific claim to being the monster of which such stories have been told.

THE adoption of the Riddleberger settlement by the Virginia Legislature is another illustration of the systematic falsehood of Democratic campaigning. For years the Democrats of Virginia have virulently denounced the "readjustment policy of RIDDLEBERGER and MAHONE as the essence of all that is dishonest. The Readjusters have been vituperated as men who would degrade beyond redemption the fair fame of their State. Yet the first thing the Democrats do on getting into power is to adopt the very settlement they have fought their campaigns against, and to solemnly declare that "the people of Virginia have accepted the act of February 14, 1882, known as the Riddleberger bill, as the ultimate settlement of the indebtedness of this State; that it is their unalterable purpose that that settlement shall be final, and that any expectation that any settlement of the debt of this State upon any other basis will ever be made or tolerated by the people of Virginia is absolutely illusory and hopeless." Nothing else was ever expected. The rage of the Virginia Democrats was all because somebody else did the repudiating they wanted to do.

THOSE who are stopping the BLADE because of the position we have taken on the Rum question, are informed that we can not take the trouble to go through our mailing sheets and take out their names, therefore they will continue to receive it till the expiration of the time paid for. We hope they will continue reading it, for if they read long enough, good will be accomphshed. We intend to really say something about rum when we get warmed up to the subject. We have been very mild thus far, but wait till we get into the merits of the question! What we have said is new milk to aquafortis, compared with what we shall say.

In the meantime we are happy to say that the circulation of the BLADE is increasing very rapidly, despite the stoppages of those who are willing to submit to the Rum power. Every mother and every father in the country has an interest in extending its circulation.

JUDGE J. HOLT gives the following estimate of the notorious Mrs. SURRATT: "I think she was the master spirit among them all. She was a woman of unusual nerve and also of unusual intelligence. During that trial her behavior was firm, her nerve unshaken, and she saw her danger and the methods of meeting the graver evidence. I believe that she kept those men up to their work—that BOOTH himself was inferior to her in purpose. The materials of the conspiracy were in general common. Mrs. SURRATT was the social center of the whole affair. She kept the rendezvous, she gave shelter to the others, she went out and found board for them, she drove the carriage out to her tavern, where the arms and accessories had been hidden within a few hours of the crime. I consider her the center of the conspiracy."

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *Sun* gives some very interesting facts in regard to the colored people of Washington who number 65,000. They enjoy all the social and political rights the law can give them without protest or annoyance, but in society the color line is rigidly drawn. No colored family, no matter what their wealth or influence is received by the whites upon an equality. Many of them there live elegantly, and are peple of culture and intelligence, but nothing can permit them to pass over this line. This sort of prejudice seems to be so thoroly grounded into the nature that it is likely to endure for many generations yet, and perhaps always. However, it seems no bar to the acquirement of wealth and of political recognition.

THE BLADE enjoys the proud distinction of being the first national, political and family newspaper that has attacked the rum interest squarely and effectively and not in an apologetic way. It will continue to do it, till some good comes of it. We shall send a capable correspondent to Kansas, to see whether Prohibition prohibits there, as soon as we can come to it. We shall maintain the stand we have taken and we want the support and countenance of every one who is opposed to the use and sale of liquor. We shall do our part—the friends of the cause should make our work effective by doing theirs.

Charivari greets Marshal SERRANO, the new Spanish Ambassador to Paris, with an incident of the accession of ALFONSO. A few weeks before that event SERRANO commissioned a Madrid artist to paint a picture of him on horseback, crossing the Bridge of Alcolea—where he had defeated the Royalists and insured the establishment of the Republic. When ALFONSO was proclaimed King the politic Marshal hastened to the artist and told him not to proceed with the picture. "Too late," was the reply; "the picture is finished already. But if you like I will paint another in which you will be seen recrossing the same bridge.

THE more that is developt of the New Orleans riot the worse it looks. It is now evident that it was a deliberate plot of the Gov. MCENERY gang to drive their opponents, who were in the majority, away from the prmaries. The election was proceeding peaceably, and there was no excuse for the disturbance, except that the opponents of the ruling clique were casting the most of the votes. Capt. FORTIER, who was the leader of the anti-MCENERY crowd, was blind of one eye, and was shot on the blind side, and in a way, the *Picayune* says, that leaves no doubt that it was a premeditated assassination. More trouble is imminent.

THE Washington correspondent of the Columbus *Dispatch* says that perhaps the most painful feature of the study of new membership is the apparent lack of hand kerchiefs, or of knowledge as to their purposes. To observe a gentleman engaged with bare fingers in that delicate operation for which the handkerchief is most used, and then deliberately wiping his fingers on the bottom of his pants or the skirt of his coat, as the correspondent was obliged to calmly witness in the course of an "interview" a few hours ago, is, to say the least, rather painful, and lowering to the standard of statesmanship in the mind of the observer.

COLORADO—the Denver *Tribune* says—has a settled population of 300,000 and a taxable valuation of $110,000,000, representing an actual property value of $900,000,000. She is traversed by 3,000 miles of railroad, and in 1882 her mines yielded $26,000,000 in gold and lead.

CURRENT EVENTS.

An anti-secret society Christian convention was held at Philadelphia, at which speeches were made denouncing all kinds of secret societies, including the Grand Army. ——This year's valuation of the personal and real property of Massachusetts is $1,731,297,051, an increase of $47,083,638 over last year. A new law exempts mortgages on real estate from taxation.——There are about 66,000 locomotive engineers in the world, and 120,000 passenger and 500,000 freight cars. There are 200,000 miles of track, and the capital invested is $30,000,000,000. —— Mrs. Theodore Tilton is a teacher of music.——Gen. Roger A. Pryer's brief in the O'Donnell case was, according to the London *World*, marked $15,000.——Six thousand bags of sugar were seized at the Brooklyn refinery for the non payment of freight. The plaintiff is the Nautical Steamship Company, of England. The freight claimed to be due amounts to $100,000.——Ex-Senator Barnum told an interviewer that Chicago is the most eligible place in the country for the holding of the Democratic National Convention. This has caused the belief to obtain in that City that both Conventions will be held there.——Gov. Butler, of Massachusetts, has pardoned George P. Richardson, sentenced in 1882 for murdering his father. The killing has been found to have been accidental.——While in the Bay of Biscay, the Spanish steamer "St. Augustine" was destroyed by fire. The Captain and about 15 of the crew perished.——The cantalever bridge over Niagara Falls stood the severe test of having 20 locomotives and 24 cars run on it.——Pierre Lorillard won $57,911 the past season on the turf; the Dwyer Brothers $125,000.——The famous Bartholdi statue of Liberty, to be erected at the entrance to the harbor of New York, was completed in Paris on the 18th.——It is said that emigrants coming from Europe to Georgia are told upon their arrival at Castle Garden that they will be sold into slavery in the South.——Sara Bernhardt maddened with rage at the publication by Marie Colombier in Paris of a book vilely assailing her, and too impatient to await the law's slow process, went to Marie's apartments and furiously horsewhipped her, chasingher from room to room until the victim finally escaped by a back stairway.——New Jersey has a compulsory education law. There are in the State 343,000 children of school age, and of these but 209,000 can be crowded into the public schools. A considerable number attend private and parochial schools, and it is estimated that more than 50,000 children are growing up in ignorance.——Comptroller Lawrence will hold that parties having claims against the Government cannot collect interest, as the presentation of claims would be delayed, and the Government compelled to pay in proportion to the ability of the claimants to evade a settlement.——At a large meeting in Winnipeg of delegates from all parts of Manitoba, a Farmers' Union was organized to aid in securing a redress of grievances from the Dominion Government. In the event of failure in this move, a withdrawal from the Confederation was urged.——Rev. Mr. Gallagher, of the Kingston, Ont., Presbytery, is to be disciplined for marrying a man to his deceased wife's sister, thereby violating a church canon.——The story that Sen. Thurman will be a candidate for the United States Senate was received in Washington with surprise and doubt. It is contended that if Thurman remains in Columbus it will be to see fair play toward Pendleton.——Ex-Sen. Spencer has been dismissed from the charge of contempt of Court, owing to a defect in the subpena. He threatens to bring a suit for damages. He says Dorsey was one of the small fry in the Star Route rascalities. There were Western men much deeper in it.——The Glasgow dynamiters were found guilty and sentenced, five to penal servitude for life and five to seven years.——The Executive Committee of colored men chosen by the Louisville Convention met in Washington, discussed the Supreme Court civil rights decision, chose a committee to prepare an address on the Danville riot, and voted to hold a Convention in Virginia. Bruce and Douglass, appointed delegates at large, have refused to serve.——A disgusted Irish-American returned his naturalization papers in New York, and wanted his name erased from the American citizenship roll.——Mary Drum, Danville, N. Y., has been a bed-ridden invalid for two years, but Saturday she got up, dressed and went down to breakfast wholly cured. She said she had been praying for this result during the two years.——Ex-Gov. Lowe, of Iowa, died Saturday.——Hon. Arthur Beddoe, Mayor of Washington City, died Sunday.——The Wyoming, Yellowstone Park & Pacific Railway Company has been organized. It is stated that the Company will begin next Spring the construction of an extensive railroad system in Wyoming and the adjacent Territories.——The total number of distilleries in the country on December 1 was 565, against 836 at the same time last year, with a total daily productive capacity of 289,000 gallons, against 263,000 the year before.——There is considerable diss

Correspondence.

WASHINGTON.

A Lithographer's Job—Belmont's Bribery—Speaker Carlisle Not Broken Down.

Special Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 22.

There is a prospect that the Forty-eighth Congress will have a good many schemes to combat if it has an earnest desire to guard the public treasury against spoliation. Conspiracies that look to public plunder never fail to crop out any Winter in Washington, and the success of the conspirators generally depends on the temper of Congress or on the unscrupulous character of the men who are sent here to represent the people. It might be difficult to catalog the various bills for the aggrandizement of a few individuals that the present Congress will have to struggle with. In the way of illustration, however, a case in point may be cited as a sample of many schemes that are afloat. As the most of people know, Mr. Norris Peters has enjoyed for many years the monopoly of a certain kind of lithographic work, particularly that relating to the drawings and printings necessary for the Patent Office. The profits have been exceedingly large, and he has built up quite an extensive establishment at Pennsylvania avenue and Fourth street. There is a law which requires the work to be performed in the District. As Mr. Peters was the only man in Washington who had a complete outfit of machinery and implements for this kind of printing, it was an easy thing for him to get the contract. This he has held for years, and is understood to have amassed the neat sum of $500,000 in the way of profits. There have been competing bidders from time to time, but Peters has always managed to get away with the contracts. He is a man of fine social qualities; he drives a fast team, and he owns a yacht. All these he has utilized in capturing the "influence" necessary to continue him in the full enjoyment of his monopoly. Some funny stories are told to illustrate the peculiar and fascinating methods pursued by Mr. Peters to enable him to retain his hold on such a good thing. During the last year or two other rich lithographers have made desperate efforts to get a share of these fat spoils, and Mr. Peters has at last been forced to face dangerous competition. The J. R. Osgood Lithographic Company, of Boston, and the Photographic Company, of New York, have come in as bidders, and are ready to move all the necessary machinery into the District, to comply with the law requiring the work to be done here. Knowing that he can no longer reap the big profits of the past, Mr. Peters has evolved a scheme to sell out to the Government. A bill has been prepared which provides that such work shall hereafter be executed by the Government directly, as it is done in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. It is also to be provided that the Government shall buy Mr. Peters's stock in trade. This he values at $100,000. It consists of the paraphernalia incident to a large lithographic house. It is said, however, that much of the material owned by Mr. Peters is of the rattle-trap class, and that while he wants the Government to take it at $100,000, it is probably not worth over $40,000, certainly not more than $50,000. This would be a clear profit of $50,000 or $60,000 to Mr. Peters, and would go to further swell the immense sum he has realized from the business.

Attention has not heretofore been called to the fact that this shrewd game is under contemplation, but when it is understood that it is probable that Congress will thoroly investigate the proposition before taking action. It is quite certain also that the other lithographic companies who want a show at the contract will oppose the plan to turn the work over to the Government, and will advance reasons to convince Congressmen that it is better to let it remain in private hands.

THE COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

There has been much gossip in Washington during the last day or two concerning the Chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. As is well known, there has been a fierce contest between Mr. Cox and Mr. Belmont for that honor. For Mr. Cox, his foreign travels, his familiarity with things in the Old World, his long and arduous service in Democratic harness have been urged. It has been difficult for some persons to understand what particular reason there could be urged in behalf of Mr. Belmont for such an important post. He is still something of a callow youth, though this is his second term. He knows nothing of foreign affairs beyond what a rich young American gathers while making a "tour" of the old continents. The motive for a serious consideration of his name has at last been revealed. Mr. Belmont's father, who has a car-load of money, is ambitious for his son to shine at the head of a big committee, and it is said he intimated that if he was put in charge of the Foreign Affairs Committee he would draw a check for $100,000 as his donation to the Democratic campaign fund in 1884. This was a proposition which Mr. Carlisle as the leader of the party could not ignore. The story goes that a number of wise heads were called together and a solemn council was held. There was a long discussion pro and con, and it was resolved to see Mr. Belmont and ascertain if some other committee would not satisfy him. It is said to-day that Mr. Belmont has signified his willingness to take the Committee on Shipping, which will be an important one during this Congress, provided Mr. Cox was not given the Committee on Foreign Affairs. Perhaps the ambitious son of the New York capitalist did not want it to appear that Mr. Cox had beaten him in the rivalry for that honor. It is further said that the arrangement included a proviso that ex-Gov. Curtin should be Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. Of course, the readers of the BLADE will know all about the conference before they read this, but this kind of gossip will give an idea of the influences that were brought to bear in awarding the places of honor.

THE NEXT PRESIDENT.

"There stands the next President of the United States," remarked a leading Democrat from Ohio, as he pointed to Morrison and Randall standing together in the Capitol rotunda.

"Which of the two?" asked a bystander.

"Why, either Morrison or Randall," replied the prophet; "either one or the other will be the next Democratic nominee for the Presidency. Mark my word for that, and either one can be easily elected."

This incident illustrates a feeling that has grown noticeably since the meeting of Congress. The splendid bearing of Randall under fire has attracted the favorable notice of the Free Trade and revenue reform Democrats. The keen and successful tactics of Mr. Morrison in the Speakership fight has excited the admiration of the Democratic protectionists. As a consequence both have grown consciously in party esteem, and both are looming up co-equally as Presidential probabilities.

CARLISLE'S CONDITION.

Much has been said about Speaker Carlisle's nervousness. A New York paper even went so far as to say it was "rumored" that his nervous prostration was extreme; that it had been demonstrated that he could not stand the mental wear and tear of the Speaker's place, and that he might give way. This was a grossly exaggerated statement of the condition of a man who had much to pull him down. For several days he was so besieged and importuned by his friends that he undeniably grew weak and nervous.

He had the look of one who had been sitting up with a "sick friend." But he has gotten over that. He came into the Riggs House rotunda to-day arrayed in a shining new suit and a plug hat, and with a look of health and cheerfulness on his face. There is no doubt but Carlisle has staying qualities as to physique and nerve, probably not so fully as Randall, but infinitely more than Cox. In fact, it was often questioned during the Speakership fight whether Cox, with his 60 years, his small frame, his excitability, was physically able to undergo the severe tension which a Speaker is necessarily subjected.

There are not over 100 members of Congress at the Capital now, and those here are manifesting but little interest in public affairs. The holiday season has practically set in, and only the Christmas turkey absorbs the attention of the law-makers of the land. ARIEL.

DAKOTA.

What It Is, and What It Is Not.

ONIDA, Sully Co., Dak., Dec. 17.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

I have just been reading an article in one of the great religious weeklies of New York, wherein is given some wholesome truths concerning this much inflated bubble, Dakota. The writer concludes his article by stating that Dakota in general is a cold, barren region, fit only for the dwelling place of Norwegians or roving Indians, but no place for Americans, and advises them to remain contented in their peaceful Eastern homes. In Harper's School Geography, series of 1882, page 57, you may find a brief description of this Territory, which fully corroborates the above statements, and the Harpers ought to know, for don't they publish "A Journal of Civilization?" I do hope the Eastern press will continue in the good work until this delusive bubble is thoroly pricked. For the life of me I can't see anything about this country to make people go crazy over it, like they are doing. The whole surface is covered with a sort of stunted grass, in some places not much over a foot high, and fit for nothing under the sun but for stock to eat. And the soil is nothing but a sandy loam from four to eight feet deep and underlaid with a porous sort of subsoil, strongly impregnated with lime, gypsum and such stuff, that denote sterility.

AND THEN THE WIND!

While it is true we never have had any of your "sly coons" or "jimmie canes," we have terrible "blizzards." I have actually known of a blizzard blowing the hat off a man's head and carrying it as much as five rods before he could recover it. Also the savage beasts that roam over the prairie, such as the badger, the coyette, the gopher and the vicious prairie dog make it very unsafe to be caught out out without being thoroughly armed and equipped. There are a hundred and one other features connected with this country that should warn the weary pilgrim that this is not the haven of his desires, yet thousands still continue to come and persist in staying and the longer they stay the crazier they seem to become.

I think the origin of this silly craze can be traced to an eccentric old fellow, familiarly known as "Uncle Sam," who formerly owned all the real estate in this and several adjoining Territories and who, in order to unload, offered to sell any person 320 acres of land from five to eight years time, without interest and take the principal out in work. This was a most unfortunate proceeding and thousands and tens of thousands of honest, intelligent and industrious people have been deluded into accepting this most ungenerous offer.

THE EXPERIENCE OF YOUR CORRESPONDENT is similar to that of thousands of other poor dupes. I was doing a splendid business in Ohio, the best business in fact in the town. At least that is what my many friends would tell me when they came in to trade, and then they would say, "just mark it down for a few days." Now, I might have remained in Ohio and had hosts of friends just as long as I had a dollar's worth of goods to sell "on tick." It was hard to sever those ties of friendship, amounting as they did in some cases from $5 to $50 each, but I braced myself for the effort, and am now in Dakota. I arrived early in the season, but found very little accommodation for gentlemen, and had to haul lumber, etc., for my house and other buildings, nearly 20 miles, and it took until the 1st of June to get to housekeeping, hence my experience is somewhat limited, but it is sufficient to demonstrate the utter uselessness of this as an agricultural country. I planted a few acres of sod corn which averaged only about 45 bushels to the acre. My potatoes were little scrawny things, the largest not weighing much over two pounds. I raised about a wagon load of melons, but they were little bits of things, only weighing from 15 to 20 pounds each. My cucumber crop was tolerably fair, but I mistook them for squashes and did not discover the mistake until they began to ripen and then they were unfit for use. My pumpkin crop was an entire failure, not that they would not grow, but the tarnal fool cattle would stick up their noses at them and scamper off and eat the buffalo grass in preference, which every Eastern editor and college professor knows is not fit to be eaten by thoroughbred stock and should be eaten only by the heathen buffalo.

BUT THE MOST MISERABLE FAILURE

was in beans. I had often read in Eastern journals that Dakota wouldn't raise beans, and I ought to have known better; yet I was fool enough to sow four quarts of the white navy variety on fresh broken soil and harrow them over a couple of times, and by actual measurement I only got three bushels and a peck. I have a neighbor who used to farm back in Ohio on the shares. He told me himself he worked a farm that was so hilly he could crop both sides, and so rocky that sometimes the plow would kick him over the fence and then kick at him two or three times after he was over. Yet he was doing well, and might have been happy had he only been contented, for some years, after marketing his crop and settling up, he would find he was not much over $50 behind. He came with the crowd to Dakota, and his condition is becoming more miserable every day. In addition to other things he sowed several acres of sod wheat that only yielded 50 bushels to the acre. He now says you don't catch him being such a fool again. He has broke and back-set over 100 acres and will sow it to wheat in the Spring, and I really don't believe it will average over 30 bushels to the acre. When I told him so, he replied that if it did not it would be very discouraging, for at that rate it would take four or five years to get rich.

THE WEATHER,

as well as the soil, clearly proves that this was never intended for a civilized country. Here it is the middle of December, and no cold weather yet to speak of. One night, it is true, we got about half an inch of snow, but it had all disappeared before noon the next day, and left the ground as barren looking as before. And then, just think of a Thanksgiving with the mercury away up in the sixties, and the people after gormandizing on wild goose and other such savage game, skalahooting over the prairies without overcoats, like a pack of savages. I tell you it is just awful. Everyone knows it is impossible to have a real, genuine, Christian Thanksgiving without cold and snow, or mud and rain, as well as roast turkey and cranberry sauce, and this outlandish country provided neither.

ANOTHER SERIOUS OBJECTION

is the unhealthy climate. The prevailing disease is loss of appetite. Healthy, robust looking men will sit down to a meal and apparently seem to enjoy it, but in half or three quarters of an hour their appetites will be entirely gone. Now I really think something ought to be done, and done quickly, to properly inform the people and stop this everlasting rush of emigration to these barren plains. Trainload after trainload come pouring in, and nearly every deluded soul of them declare the "have come to stay." It should be looked after as a matter of economy also. At the present rate within a very few years Dakota will have as many people to the square mile as Ohio, and they will want their nice houses, big barns, schools, churches, public halls and all such things like they have in the States, and just think what they will cost. Now why can't they stay back where they already have these things and save that expense. Another very important matter should also be taken into consideration. If the tenant farmers in the East emigrate to Dakota the land owners there will have to take their sons from colleges, or base ball clubs, or other educational institutions, to work their farms, or they will have to stay at home and do it themselves, and then who will hold down dry goods boxes in the villages and discuss the Tariff, talk politics and save the country. Let the Eastern press continue in the good work until the terrible delusion in regard to this Territory, that hangs like a horrible nightmare over the people, is entirely dispelled.

G. W. EVERTS.

Northern Michigan.

To the Editor of the Blade:

CHARLEVOIX, Dec. 15, 1883.

Among the many fine places in the northern part of the Southern Peninsula is Charlevoix County, situated between Grand and Little Traverse Bays. This region possesses the finest natural advantages, being located on Lake Michigan, with two large lakes extending across the country navigable for the largest vessels, making shipping facilities unexcelled. Immense tracts of valuable hard wood timber cover the country. The soil is capable of producing the finest wheat, oats, potatos and grass. Vegetables grow to perfection. Apples, cherries, pears and plums do well. Finest strawberries in the world and they rarely fail. Climate moderate and equable compared with more southern latitudes. Ground never freezes to any depth. Last Winter the coldness was only 15° below zero, while this Winter thus far has not been more than 15°. Summers are pleasant with cool nights. Climate very healthy. Fish of the best varieties in abundance. Farmers of small means can make themselves homes here with fewer disadvantages than in the West from the first, while capitalists can find many chances for profit. Charlevoix is a village of 1,800 and offers a rare chance for a flouring mill, furniture factory, tannery, etc., as their material would be at their very doors.

This region is becoming famous for its Summer resorts, which bring thousands of people, seeking rest and recreation, as well as health in the life-giving breezes from our clear spring-like lakes. Purest water in the world and plenty of it.

W. HAYES.

Western Pennsylvania.

SUMMERVILLE, Jefferson Co., Pa., December 9, 1883.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

We have been considered as being in the backwoods up here on the Redbank Creek until a few years ago we got a railroad. Since then the outside world has come in and developing our coal and other minerals, of which these grand old hills are filled. It will not be long until we are in the midst of coal works. Our people are an industrious class. They have been quite prosperous in farming and lumbering, as well as other industries. This is a hilly country, but land, when cultivated intelligently, produces good crops. Sometimes our crops are cut short by one cause or another, but we never yet have had a failure of all kinds of crops. We raise wheat, corn, oats, rye, buckwheat, potatos, apples, peaches, etc, and have good markets. The consumption by far exceeds the production. The lumbering business, which is carried on quite extensively up the river, consumes large quantities of farm products. Taking all things into consideration, this is as good a place to live as anywhere else. We have good water, good health, good society, good buildings, and everything one need want to make him happy and contented. It has been, is now, and will be in the future, one of the best places in this broad land for the laboring man. Here a man with money can make money if anywhere. There is land here which can be bought for $40 to $50 per acre, which will in a few years demand $100 to $200 and more.

M. E. DAVIS.

Western Oregon.

SCHOLL'S FERRY, Or., Dec. 12.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I came to Oregon over one year ago. This is my second Winter in this country, and I am well pleased with the climate. I noticed a letter in the BLADE of November 29, from Postville, Dak., speaking of the mild climate of Dakota. I do not wish to say anything to run that country down. I have lived in Dakota about 10 years, and I fail to see the mild climate. I have seen some pretty severe storms in Dakota. I have seen it blizzard there for three days at a time so that a person could not see 10 rods, and have known of parties that could not get to their barn to feed their stock for three days on account of the storm. Dakota is a nice country for those that like it, but I prefer a milder climate. Last Winter and so far this Winter are the mildest Winters I ever saw. H. M.

The Best Way.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

TEXAS, HENRY CO., O., Dec. 20, 1883.

I am glad to see the BLADE take so positive a stand on the Temperance question. I see by reading the letters sent to you and published, that some few of the Republicans are opposed to it, and say we shall lose the election in 1884 if we persist in keeping up the agitation, but it seems to me that is the best way to carry our election, because, first, you can not brow-beat the Temperance people any more, and if they cannot vote their principles in the Republican party, they can in the Prohibition party, and they will do it. STARK.

Distributing the Revenue.

CUSTER, Wis., Dec. 24.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Would it not be better to appropriate the surplus revenue in establishing a system of free education throughout the United States of America. Schools to educate the Indians—schools of morality, not schools for the pecuniary benefit of the ones managing them. Would it not be better to tax whisky and tobacco and educate paupers' children? causing a grand distribution of knowledge. In fact make the vices of the world enlighten the world.

C. H. FISHER.

Miscellany.

RECENT LITERATURE.

THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND. Abridged and and adapted from Strickland's "Queens of England," by Rosalie Kaufman. Published by Estes & Lauriat, 301 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

In this beautifully printed volume the author has based her work upon Agnes Strickland's "Queens of England" only to the time of Queen Anne, and subsequent to that time she has used many other authorities, her first care being to prepare a narrative which will interest young people and prove a source of pleasure and profit. This first volume begins with Mary. First Queen Regnant of England, A. D. 1516–1558, and ends with Anne, 1694–1714. It is a work that cannot fail to interest even the adults, though it is classed in Young Folks' History.

HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR—By Mrs. C. Emma Cheney. Published by Estes & Lauriat, 301 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

This is another volume in this enterprising firm's series of Young Folks' History, and it is safe to say that there is no better book than this to inform the new generation born since 1859 of the causes that led to the war, the progress of the various campaigns and the grand conclusion. Mrs. Cheney writes capitally, and she is thoroughly familiar with her subject. No important fact of the great struggle is omitted from her narrative, and yet it is not dry, dull or tedious on a single page. There are many illustrations in the book, including portraits of prominent statesmen and soldiers.

THE CALUMET OF THE COTEAU, and other practical legends of the border; also a guide book of the Yellowstone National Park. By P. W. Norris. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

The author was "for five years Superintendent of Yellowstone Park," and undoubtedly was a good one, a much better Superintendent than poet, though some of his legends are passably well told. The Guide Book of the Yellowstone National Park, being practical, matter of fact and prosaic, can be commended to those contemplating a tour to the Yellowstone region, for it contains useful information as to distances, some illustrative views and maps, and a glossary of Indian names and provincialisms.

THE ORGANS OF SPEECH, and their application in the formation of articulate sounds, by Georg Hermann von Meyer. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The International Scientific Series issued by the Appletons has attracted too little attention, and the latest volume is in keeping with the standard established by the preceeding volumes of the series. The author, von Meyer, is Professor in Ordinary of Anatomy at the University of Zürich, and is a deep thinker and clear writer. Herein he discusses the structure and functions of the organs of speech and introduces some new and original interpretations which will be of great interest to the students of etymology and orthopsy.

STRAY MELODIES AND SONGS OF SENTIMENT. By John B Ketchum, Secretary U S. Military Post Library Association, New York. Published by the American Literary Agency, P. O. Box 574, New York City.

The book is very neatly gotten up in cloth, 16mo. square, with special reference to the holidays, has passed to a second edition, and will make a very acceptable Christmas gift for young or old. The secular press has noticed this volume very favorably, on account of the peculiar purity of the writings of the author, and some of his pieces, notably, "The Bells of the Valley," "The Recall," "To the Rampo Mountains," "The Brook in the Woodland," etc., have been much admired. Besides a large number of miscellaneous pieces, the book embraces, also, some 10 or more "Military Songs."

FEEDING ANIMALS. By Elliott W. Stewart. Published by the author, Lake View, Erie Co., N. Y. Price, $2.00.

A large book of 500 pages, this is a practical work upon the laws of animal growth, specially applied to the rearing and feeding of horses, cattle, dairy cows, sheep and swine. Mr. Stewart is one of the editors of the *National Live Stock Journal*, and non-resident Professor of the Principles of Agriculture in Cornell University. He has given the subject a great deal of careful study, and the results of his experiments, scientifically conducted, are fully given in this admirable book, which will prove of inestimable value to every one interested in animals.

THE EXECUTIONER'S REVENGE. Translated from the French of Lionce Ferret. By Olivette. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. Price, in cloth, $1.00.

A very intense French novel by an able writer, most admirably translated. It is original in conception, a plot deep and well developed, the interest sustained to the very end. The dialog is crisp and bright, the situations dramatic, and the whole story exceedingly well told.

TWENTY POEMS FROM HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Illustrated from paintings by his son, Ernest W. Longfellow. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers, Boston.

Not a few of the poems in this handsome volume are associated with Mr. Longfellow's historic home in Cambridge and with his Summer home at Nahant. All of them are as familiar as household words. The views are exceedingly attractive of themselves, and the portrait which serves as a frontispiece is an excellent likeness. All the mechanical details of the volume are perfect, and it will be highly prized by those who admire Longfellow, and what American does not? The interest in it is greatly enhanced by the fact that the poet's son is the illustrator of the beautiful poems.

CALENDAR OF AMERICAN HISTORY. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Price, $1.

A calendar for 1884, which is not only attractive, but exceedingly useful, has been prepared by Miss Delia W. Lyman, of New Haven, with the assistance of Prof. Henry P. Johnston. It gives under each date and in an admirably clear and compact form the chief event in our history occuring on that day. At the back of the card is an excellent index; and the block is enclosed in a neat box in which the sheets, as fast as they are torn off, may be placed for reference. The calendar is one especially adapted to the use of students, and of all persons, in fact, who like to refresh their memories of our historical records. The printing and coloring are good, and the date lines are of excellent size.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Shakspere, says an English writer, disliked dogs, and it is impossible to find a canine spoken of kindly throughout the great author's works.

Onions are said to cure the rheumatism, and since trying them as a remedy for that disease we are much impressed by their ability to accomplish anything they set out to do. We fear they have lost us our position in society.—*Lowell Citizen.*

An English scientist has discovered that there is three cents' worth of gold in every ton of sea water. This is not much, to be sure, but a young man would acquire wealth more rapidly by extracting the gold from sea water than by purchasing tickets in a Southern lottery.

That the Washington Monument is to be finished next year is truly astonishing news. But the most surprising statement is that enough of the appropriation remains to complete the work. The recent extraordinary sun streaks pale before the national phenomena.—*Erratic Enrique.*

President Arthur, recently, while out driving, stopped his team 15 minutes to listen to the strains of a hand-organ. Congress, it is said, will not make an effort to impeach him, but it is probable that an officer of the S. P. C. A. will have him arrested for cruelty to animals.—*Norr. Herald.*

We don't suppose that the Boston news. paper publisher, who paid Tennyson $1,000 for a Spring poem of less than 50 lines, would give $10 for two columns of beautiful Spring verses. The probabilities are that he would charge us 20 cents a line to print them. Some publishers are just that queer. —*Norristown Herald.*

The late A. T. Stewart, some 15 years ago, paid $50,000 for an oil painting by a foreign artist. There has been a great reduction in the price of art since then. Last week a panorama nearly half a mile long was sold at public sale for $875. One was "high" art and the other was long art. If there were not strikingly apparent, save in price. —*Norristown Herald.*

Bad heir—The prodigal son.——It is but a short step to leap year.——Spirit-rapping—Pounding on the bar for drinks.——Civility is so cheap that many purse-proud parvenues always avoid it.——The dearest pot on earth—The one in a game of poker won by some other fellow.——Too numerous to mention—Those who expect to receive more than they intend to give on Christmas.——A little too previous—The undertaker who, in advertising his goods, says: "Try them before you buy them."—*New York Morning Journal.*

A St. Louis rabbi has decided that the American Jew can keep Christmas without violating his religious convictions. He says that the 25th of December was celebrated by the pagan world as the time when the longest night gives way to the lengthening of the day, and that the early Christian Church, which had originally celebrated the natal day of its founder in the Spring, accepted, at the end of the fifth century, the pagan festival, transferring its celebration of Christ's birth to December. Moreover, the Maccabean priests instituted a festival on the 25th of Kisler, the corresponding Jewish month, to take the place of this pagan feast when they had, by their victory over the Syrian King, driven out Greek idolatry.

FOR THE LADIES.

It is a difficult matter to determine which the young man fears the more, her big brother or her little brother.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Mrs. Bright Clark, a daughter of John Bright, is lecturing in favor of woman suffrage.

Mrs. Mancel Talcott of Chicago has given $5,000 towards establishing there an industrial school for girls.

A plum colored satin ball dress has scattered old gold leaves and oak appies, the skirt being covered with spangles.

A medical writer says that girls are so constructed that they cannot jump. Just make one of them an offer of marriage and see.

Ella Wheeler is preparing a poem on "Laura Sunsets." When finished it will be painted in three colors, viz: red, red and red.

Mrs. Ole Bull has had made a fine bronze urn, to be placed over her husband's grave. It is about six feet high, plain, and bears the simple inscription: "Ole Bull. 1813–1880."

The New York *Post* quotes from a colored mother: "You Suse! Come into the yard out of that horse-road! Come in, or I'll cuff you up to a peak and knock the top off!"

An item is going the rounds to the effect that church members embrace three times as many women as men. Yes, that is probably correct. There is not more than 25 per cent. as much fun in embracing men as women.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Education has done wonders for us. "A Brooklyn man lately advertised, in the same paper, for a female copyist at a salary of $7 a week and a servant girl at $12 a month. To the last advertisement he received just one application for the place; for the other he received—594."

A "wish-bone" wedding recently took place in New York, the ceremony being performed under a floral piece in the form of a wish-bone. A very appropriate emblem, no doubt; signifying that a few months hence, when the wife begins to "bone" her husband for money, he'll "wish" ——!—*Norristown Herald.*

A late work on etiquet says "it is no longer considered *en regle* to kiss the bride at a wedding." While this to a certain extent breaks up an American custom, yet there are bridesmaids—12 is the correct number—who will have to be passed around. It is a good deal like hiring some one to do your dancing, though.—*Peck's Sun.*

A Vicksburg widow has received $12,500 from the different orders to which her husband belonged. Dear ladies, in the face of all this can you persist in talking at a high rate of speed to your husband when important work in the skyfugle degree keeps them late at the lodge? Give this matter a little serious thought.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

Sojourner Truth believed in the personal interference of God in the affairs of men; it was partly a race birthright, no doubt, but much more a personal faith; for she spoke as one who was in the secret council of the Almighty, and declared what he would permit and what he would compel, as if she verily knew it at first hand.

The wicked man of the Chicago *News:* "The astrologists ascribe Mary Anderson's talents and beauty to the fact that she was born at a moment when Jupiter, Venus and the moon were all in conjunction. It is not hard to imagine that when Mary's stepfather, old Doc Griffin, was inflicted upon humanity the Ursa Major was in perihelion."

A beauty contest which has been growing in St. Louis resulted in the overwhelming election of Miss Flora Morrell. She has been awarded the gold medal of beauty, as a local artist puts it, "for she has features of Grecian purity of outline, her cheeks softly tinted with rose color, and lustrous gray eyes, 'twin stars of beauty,' fringed with dark lashes, shining out from beneath delicately pencilled eyebrows. A lovely dimple in each cheek adds to the beauty of the face as the rosebud mouth parts in a smile, displaying a row of glistening pearls. Her hair, which is abundant, is of pale gold, worn in loose curls over a white forehead, and when flowing falls far below the slim waist. Add to these attractions a graceful figure and sweet unaffected manner, and you see before you the St. Louis beauty."

"Rough on Toothache," instant relief, 15c.

FASHION'S FANCIES.

Handkerchiefs of linen, with colored borders, are fashionable.

The newest fine cloth jackets are lined with bright-striped satin surah.

Jockey hats are not near so popular as it was supposed they would be.

Parisian women are powdering their hair and arranging it a la Mary Stuart in the evening.

There are some very pretty little garments called Russian jackets, edged with feather trimming or Astrachan fur.

Tambourines which young ladies have purchased during the craze should be nicely hand-painted and hung up high on the parlor wall.

Sealing wax, having the initial of the writer's name marked in the center, is now used in all correspondence. Plain stationery is coming in fashion again.

The Burano lace cloth bid fair to be more fashionable than ever. They are bright and silky and never crush nor crumple, and are among the best materials that can be chosen for bridesmaids' dresses.

The large aprons, which are worn in the mornings when the wearer is engaged in painting, brass stamping or clay modeling, an i now drawn up toward the left hip with a good sized bow of the same soft ribbon.

Ladies of France now come down to dinner dressed in the English fashion of low necks and short sleeves, the only difference between their costume and a ball dress being in the jewels. Diamonds and pearls are worn for dinner, set very simple, and fastened around the neck by velvet ribbon or else pinned carelessly in the hair.

The "Rough on" Tooth Powder, elegant, 18c.

ROSEBUDS AND DAISIES.

Miss Emily Faithful has gone to Colorado Springs.

Miss Kate Field has not yet found the ideal miner.

Mexican women are not permitted to attend funerals.

A Chinese lady requires over four hours in which to make her toilet.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and family are in Florida for the Winter.

Miss Susan B. Anthony will Winter at Washington and keep her eagle eye on the Woman Suffrage question.

Nina, the youngest daughter of Dion Boucicault, has an exceedingly pretty face and is a charming actress.

Mrs. De Lancey Kane has purchased 50 boxes of handkerchiefs to present to the children of one of the new Rochelle schools of Christmas.

"Do you ever carry a walking stick?" asked one avenue belle of another. "No," was the nonchalant response; "but I have a beau which is just about the same."

Miss Emma Jessel, an English bride, has had a wonderful wedding cake. On top, done in sugar, was a representation of the meeting of Rebekah and Abraham's servant at the well. The cake was four feet high and weighed 27 pounds. The cover on top lifted off so that the cake could be cut.

SLIGHT SUGGESTIONS.

Birch bark baskets make very pretty receptacles upon the hearth for wood.

Gypsy kettles, made of vari-colored splints and grasses, serve as fire-place decoration.

Lace curtains with an ornamental dado and frieze, are said to be among the novelties.

A unique picture frame has a gold or silver mat in imitation of Chinese matting, while a delicate band of silver or gold with a bamboo effect surrounds it.

The Jamewaur, a cashmere shawl used by the inhabitants of that part of the world as a full dress suit, is suggested as a portiere, and may be claimed as the most recent thing in that line.

A wall pocket may be made of two pieces of board covered with plush, the back rather larger than the front pieces, and the two joined at the side by ribbons. This is well adapted for holding newspapers.

Three-legged caldrons are now painted with suitable ornamentation and used in the parlor as receptacles for growing plants. The surface may be gilded and the flowers painted on that; after the painting the entire thing should be varnished. The handle, of course, should be removed.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY

FOR PAIN.

Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.

The Charles A. Vogeler Co. (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

CAPITAL PRIZE $75,000.—21 Tickets only $5. Shares in proportion.

L. S. L.

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY CO.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early
Commissioners.

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of over $550,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2d, A. D. 1879.

The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.

It never scales or postpones.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place monthly.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. FIRST GRAND DRAWING, CLASS A, AT NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, January 15, 1884—164th Monthly Drawing.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000.

100,000 Tickets at Five Dollars Each. Fractions, in Fifths, in proportion.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1	CAPITAL PRIZE	$75,000
1	do do	10,000
1	do do	10,000
2	PRIZES OF $5000	10,000
5	do 2000	10,000
10	do 1000	10,000
20	do 500	10,000
100	do 200	20,000
300	do 100	30,000
500	do 50	25,000
1000	do 25	25,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

9	Approximation Prizes of $750	6,750
9	do do 500	4,500
9	do do 250	2,250
1967	Prizes, amounting to	$305,500

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.

For further information write clearly, giving full address. Make P. O. Money Orders payable and address Registered Letters to

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For tickets or further information of the above Lottery address DAVE C. JOHNSTON, Covington, Ky.

L. S. L.

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New Manager Chicago Office, to whom apply for information and tickets.

164th Monthly Drawing.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 15.

First Capital Prize, $75,000. Tickets, $5; sold in Fifths at $1 each. See full scheme above.

WANTED—

In Every Township in the United States, One Young Man to Earn an Overcoat in Two Days. One Lady to Earn a New Dress in Two Days.

We have a business proposition to make to one person in every Township in the country, by which $25 can be earned in a few days, with very little trouble. This is no sham, is attended with no risk, and involves nothing that any gentleman and lady cannot consistently do.

For full particulars address BLADE CO., Toledo, O., and they will be sent by return mail. First come first served. Only one person can secure this in a Township. It costs nothing to get the particulars.

CLAIMS for Horses Lost By Officers and Soldiers while in service can be collected under recent act of Congress by applying immediately. Apply to T. W. TALLMADGE, attorney Washington, D. C., who has had 21 years experience and recommended by Commissioner for full particulars. Also Counsellor of the U. S. Treasury. Also prosecutes Pension Claims.

SILKS for patchwork, all colors in cents; 150 pieces $1. SILK COMPANY, North Haven, Ct.

Male and Female Agents wanted, who can furnish good references, to sell new articles. Quick sales and good commissions. Write us a letter and enclose four 3-cent stamps for full particulars. C. E. ELLIS & CO., Chicago, Ill.

40 Old VIOLINS. Best collection of genuine old violins ever offered in this country. Amati, Stradivarius, Maggini, Guarnarius, &c., 10 to 25 years old; price from $2 to $10 each; also violins made from very old wood, having all the peculiar qualities of genuine old violins; price $30, $35, $40 each; 500 assortments of new violins; prices $1 to $12 each; fine new violins, strong, powerful tones, for $8, $10, $15, $20, $25 each; every one warranted; over 1,000 in tone, to test and compare. Bows and cases, 75c to $5 each. Send for catalogue. ELIAS HOWE, 89 Court st, Boston.

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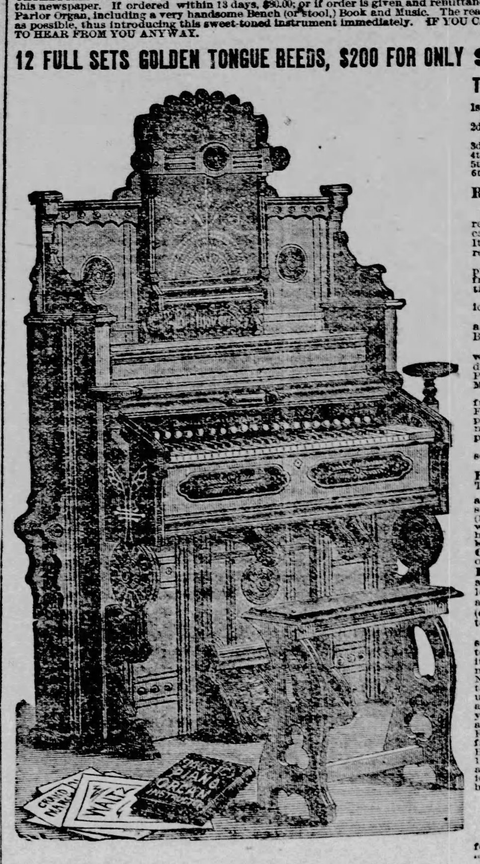
It is by far the sweetest tone and most powerful Organ yet made. The case is manufactured from the choicest of seasoned and kiln-dried Black Walnut, built neat, so as not to absorb dirt or dust. It is manufactured on a new and scientific plan, so as to render sound of reeds PIPE-LIKE in tone. The Pipe Tube Cells enable this Organ to imitate a Church Pipe Organ that would cost from $500 to $1,000. The Scotch BAGPIPE, ALPINE HORN, CHIME OF SWISS BELLS, EUROPEAN FLAGEOLET, ORCHESTRA, BRASS BAND, OLE BULL VIOLIN, MUSIC BOX, the HUMAN VOICE, ANGELIC HARP, NIGHT HORN CATHEDRAL PIPE ORGAN are all exactly imitated in "Beatty's Best." Only $88; provided order is given and remittance made within 25 days after date of this newspaper. If ordered within 13 days, $80.00; or if order is given and remittance is made within 9 days, only $75.00 cash will buy this magnificent $300.00 Parlor Organ, including a very handsome Bench (or Stool,) Book and Music. The reason why this limited time price is given is to induce you to order as early as possible, this introducing this sweet-toned instrument immediately. IF YOU CAN NOT BUY NOW WRITE, GIVING YOUR REASONS WHY, AS I WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU ANYWAY.

12 FULL SETS GOLDEN TONGUE REEDS, $200 FOR ONLY $88.00. 29 Stops. Warranted Six Years.



TWELVE FULL SETS GOLDEN TONGUE

The Household.

Edited by Miss Emily S. Bouton.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.
2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.
3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.
4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

SOCIAL ETIQUET.

VII.

A family moving into a new and strange place, unless furnished with letters of introduction, often finds it an extremely difficult matter to get into what is called society. Especially is this true in the larger places, where society women have already a large circle of acquaintances which they do not care to extend, unless there are some especial attractions about the new comers that make it worth the effort. Truth to tell, these attractions are generally found to be wealth, family influence, or fashion, but the world is made up as it is, and there is no use in quarreling with what cannot be helped.

There is a certain etiquet to be observed towards strangers, an introductory ceremony as it were, to which a due response must be given. Someone moves into the place, or in your neighoorhood, upon whom you feel it is incumbent to call. Unless the family is very near you and you are moved to some friendly office that will help its members in the trying season of getting settled, wait before calling until they have a fair opportunity to put the new house into good order and feel rested and prepared to meet and form new acquaintances. The first call should be a formal one. If a servant comes to the door, send your card to the lady of the house, so that she may know the name of the person she is to meet in her parlor. If it is possible to ascertain before going how many persons there are in the family whom you wish to include in your call it is well to do so, and then you can ask the hostess to afford you the pleasure of meeting them also.

It is etiquet and also a very convenient custom, to leave your card—with your address upon it, if in a City, or without it in a small place where everybody is known—upon going away, unless you previously sent it by the servant upon entering. This prevents danger of the lady's forgetting who has called where all are strangers, and saves her the effort of memory otherwise necessary. Of course she can "make a note out," but sometimes a strange name will not be understood at the first hearing, and may even slip away before you leave.

If you should chance to be in ignorance of the presence of the mother, sister or friend in the household, it is proper for the lady to speak of it, when you should instantly respond by requesting to see them.

First calls should invariably be returned within 10 days, unless illness in the family prevents. To wait weeks is to be absolutely rude. The delay, in fact, says as plainly as words could, that one does not care to cultivate the acquaintance of these strangers. I do not say that this is always the meaning *intended* to be conveyed. Far from it. Often it is the result of pure neglect, or putting off from day to day, because of other things intervening, but it is none the less reprehensible, and those so treated would be perfectly justified if they never called again.

It is always the place of the older residents of the place to take the initiative in inviting new comers to entertainments at their houses. Nor is it necessary that this attention should be immediately returned, but after a sufficient number of such have been received as to make the stranger begin to feel that she is a part of the social community where she has made her home, she should invite all who have invited her, to some sort of a pleasure gathering, such as a dinner, a tea, a coffee, a lunch, or an evening party. When these exchanges of civilities have been made, then she can consider herself fairly one of the social circle and conduct herself accordingly.

Blunders are sometimes made in the matter of courtesies to a guest in the family of an acquaintance, both in the giving and receiving. As soon as possible after learning of her arrival, you should call upon her. Send your cards by the servant, one to the lady of the house and one to the guest. Should the hostess herself open the door you need of course send no card, but after a few moment's conversation ask to see her friend. If she chances to be out leave a card for her, and if all are gone leave separate cards for each of those called upon, including *always* the lady of the house. Or you can turn down the upper right hand corner, which thus includes the guest. If there are two and you do not desire to leave so many cards turn down the whole of the right side.

Should you learn that a friend is visiting in a family not upon your calling list, it is etiquet for you, after you have seen your friend for a few moments, to ask for the lady of the house. If the latter excuses herself or is out, then leave a card for her. It is extremely discourteous to go to a private house and conduct yourself as if it were a hotel, as you would do if you simply called upon one who was visiting there without any reference to her hostess. The very fact that the latter is entertaining one who is something to you gives her a claim upon your courtesy. I have known persons to do this who should not have been guilty of such a thing. That she does not belong to your set is no manner of excuse, but only the greater reason why you should be more punctilious in the matter.

An invitation to attend an entertainment should always be accepted as equivalent to a call. It often happens, that a lady about to give a party, dinner, etc., learns that some acquaintance has a guest visiting her. She has not time to make a formal call, but in lieu of that sends her card and an invitation. The latter is always to be considered a compliment, and the smaller and more select the company, the greater the courtesy of asking a stranger. A party call should be as scrupulously made by the visitor as if she had been first called upon before receiving the invitation.

It is always a proper thing if you have chance visitors from out of the City to take them with you to any friend's or society acquaintance's who has invited you to an entertainment, and is not aware of their arrival. Should it happen to be a small company, it would be polite and considerate to send the hostess word, if only an hour or two before the time appointed, in order that she may make her calculations accordingly.

I had a letter the other day asking about what was proper in case of weddings where a large number of invitations are sent out. It is not necessary, nor is it customary to send a personal acceptance unless a response is requested. Of course, regrets for non-attendance are always in order. They must necessarily be written in the third person and in the simplest form possible, something like the following: Mr. and Mrs. A.'s compliments to Mr. and Mrs. B., and regrets for Thursday evening, the 12th. An acceptance should be something like this: Mrs. W. accepts with pleasure the polite invitation of Mrs. H. for Wednesday, January 12.

The above forms are proper in all cases, but for weddings the words can be somewhat changed, as: Mr. and Mrs. S.'s congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. B. upon the approaching marriage of their daughter, and regrets for unavoidable absence upon that occasion.

A very pleasant acknowledgement of an invitation to a wedding when attendance is impossible and the familiarity of acquaintance renders it desirable, is to send a gift and congratulations.

Never at any time send your visiting card with the word "regret" or "acceptance" written upon it, as is sometimes done. Write it upon a sheet of note paper and enclose it in an envelope addressed to the person who invites you. If you send it through the mail a second envelop is necessary.

Of course you should call upon the bride, but it is *imperative* that you do so upon her mother who invited you to the wedding. The bride, who has now assumed new social relations, may return your call or not, according to her own wish as to keeping your name upon her visiting list. After you have called once and that has been returned, you then also have the privilege of keeping up the acquaintance by continuing the formal interchange of calls, or dropping it as you chose. It is sometimes impossible for people to add new names to their visiting list and do any kind of social justice to all. It should not be considered a cause for offence then, if they feel compelled to decline making these additions, especially in the case of much younger people. So too with the bride who feels obliged to limit her list when thus starting out in life, because the purse of a young couple may not be equal to the requirements of a large social circle.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Pillow Shams.—Materials—Two and a half yards of fine linen. Etching crewels or silk, according to patterns used.

Tear off two squares of the linen and make a hem around them an inch and a half wide. From the rest of the linen cut out pieces, say about four inches square and just enough to go around and put on as diamonds. Etch a pretty little pattern upon each one. Then stitch and hem them on just above the hem. Care must be taken not to have the points overlap, but just come together. It is well to cut squares of papers and put on so as to get the exact measure before etching.

If liked, these shams may be trimmed with embroidery around the edge or a ruffle feather-stitched close to edge with the predominating colors upon the squares. The sheet sham or the sheet itself may be trimmed in the same way. It is very handsome and extremely durable.

Dusting Cap.—Some one wants to know what she can make for a dusting cap. The cheapest, because it can be thrown away when soiled, is the following:

Material—¼ yard of some pretty colored silesia or paper cambric and enough elastic to go around the head. Cut out an oval piece 15 or 16 inches one way and 13 or 14 the other. Notch the edge all around, take up a little tuck an inch and three-quarters from it, run the elastic in and fasten, and the cap is done.

If something more elaborate and expensive is wanted, get a piece of sheer linen that will do up nicely, cut it the same shape, hem the edge and put on some pretty lace edging. Instead of taking up a tuck for the elastic, sew a narrow strip of linen the same distance from the edge in its place. This can be worn until soiled, then done up again and again. It is quite becoming too.

Hints.—Put a small straight sweet potato in a hyacinth glass, or a wide mouthed bottle, fill with water, set away in the dark for a week or two, until the roots get started, and then bring it into the light keeping it in an atmosphere suitable for other plants. The result will be a beautiful and graceful vine shooting out from the top which can be trained up on the curtains, around pictures, or wherever you choose.

A tea table can be made very pretty by spreading over the white cloth a covering of the thin Madras cloth, choosing a cream or light ground with flowers of quaint shades of red, blue and olive.

To clean steel that has simply grown dim rub with a piece of soft wash leather dipped in kerosene oil This is said to be quite effectual when there is no rust.

The pamphlet upon "Fancy Work and House Decoration" will be quite as useful after the holidays as before. It is full of descriptions of pretty things for the home. Send 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., and receive it, post-paid.

PAINTING ON SATIN OR SILK.—In reply to "Aneke Jans" inquiry for instruction in hand painting on satin, silk, Academy board, etc. I will offer to her and all others who may not already know more about it the following:

The materials required to make a beginning are about 15 small tubes of various colors of oil paints, six various sizes of sable and bristle brushes, a 11 or 13 inch pallette, a palliete knife for mixing colors, and a divider for measuring, all of which can be had at a store where artists' supplies are kept. An easy way to transfer any nicely colored design you may fancy to any other surface would be to place your silk or other goods on a solid surface, lay over it a piece of carbon paper, no smaller than your design, on top of this place your design, and then trace every line with a sharpened hard wood stick. Use black carbon paper for light surfaces and light for dark.

I would prefer, however, you would practice drawing your design in an artistic manner, learning by practice to form your picture by use of crayon or brush. You will soon find by trying that you can accomplish very satisfactory results.

It would not be advisable to attempt any piece with too many colors or too large. Take a small stem with two or three leaves and one flower, and study well all the lights and shades before mixing and applying colors. As you now have the outlines of your picture you can begin to work in your colors, putting on the lightest first and then shading down to the darker. By working patiently with a moderate amount of practice you will soon be able to work up a copy next to perfect.

I would advise you to use block tin to begin to take your first lessons on, as any errors or bad strokes can be erased if done before it dries, and no loss will be sustained except the paint. To paint on satin or silk you must use opake mixer. This is to absorb the oil and keep it from spreading beyond the margin of your work.

I don't wish to monopolize space in these columns or I might write much more, but in concluding will advise all those who can spare the time to try some work of this kind, for there is no doubt but you can succeed in more than compensating yourself for your trouble. I have not even ordinary ability, and before a year had passed I had many admirable pictures, made by my own hand. A book of instructions would be a great help in advancing. I will offer this to any of the readers: If they will send stamped envelope for reply to tell them just what sizes of brushes, the names of colors of paints they will need, and the cost of all you will need to make a start.—MRS. ELIZA FRICK, Missouri Valley, Ia.

FAROR BALLS.—Cast 80 stitches of any bright colored yarn on a coarse knitting needle. Knit across in plain, knitting 2 stitches. Second row—knit 29 stitches, leaving the last one unknit upon the needle. Turn your work around and knit back 28 stitches, leaving one stitch unknit at that end of the needle. Then turn your work again and knit back until you are within two stitches of the end of the needle. Continue in this way, leaving one more stitch at each end, each time until you have 10 unknit stitches at each end of the needle, then knit wholly across. This forms one gore. Second—which is like the first. Knit six gores in the same way. Knit off the sixth gore, and with a darning needle securely fasten the ends. Sew the opening about half up, on the wrong side, then turn and stuff with wool or cotton batting, if it is for a baby. Shape it with the hands as you stuff it, so as to make it as round as possible, and sew a little way at a time until the seam is closed and the ball is completed. These covers can be slipped over old rubber balls if they are meant for older Children. —HILBOURN CITY.

Crocheted Slippers.—Materials—One bunch of Germantown yarn or 2 ozs. of double zephyr, of some dark shade. A pair of cork insoles the same number as shoes worn. Crochet a chain of 15 stitches, work the first row across, plain single crochet stitch; 2d row, take the under stitch, work across plain crochet, widening the center stitch; crocheting back and forth and working the under stitch, every two rows form a ridge. Continue same as 2d row, widening about the center of each row, until you have crocheted 33 rows or 16 ridges; according to one's own taste as to the size of the front of the slipper, but they should come up over the instep to keep well in place. Count the stitches across the last row, divide into three equal parts, crochet across the first division, back and forth, without widening, until you have a strip long enough to form the back of the slipper; pin the front onto the insole and measure the strip; fasten the end of this piece onto the other side of the front. Finish the edge with a fancy open work stitch, draw bright-colored ribbon through the open stitch, tie in a bow in front, and the slipper is ready to be sewed onto the insole, which must first be bound with braid. After making a pair of the slippers, it will be found quite easy to shape a pair of shoes; for an invalid they are better than the slippers. I have just finished making a pair of the shoes for a birthday present. I find it an improvement to line them with cloth or Canton flannel.—BERTINE, Lear, Kan.

Correspondence.

AN OLD FRIEND.—We three, "Ida," "Lily," and myself, were sitting out on the north porch reading and sewing. We had been talking about the papers and telling which ones we liked best and which we would subscribe for another year. I said, "I am indebted to the BLADE for knowing how to make good lemon tarts. I never could quite hit it until I heard the 'Woman's' way of baking the shells first and putting in the filling afterwards."

"And you know you never had heard of the Horsford baking powder until a BLADE woman told you of it, and I never had worn waists instead of corsets, until I read the 'Woman's' way," said Ida.

"And I never had known that a body could do a washing without boiling the clothes," said Lily, "and don't you remember you learned how to make your nice meal pudding in the BLADE?"

"Sure enough! I do declare if it 'twan't the BLADE HOUSEHOLD that taught us how to grow slips of geraniums in sand, and to use flower of sulphur for a wash to make the hair grow, and, lots and lots of good things. No, we'll not go back on the BLADE, it is an old friend and we'll stick to it; but I do wish some of those dear, wise women would show their faces again and let us hear from them.

"There! that's what we talked about!"—ROSELLA RICE.

For the Household.

TO MAGGIE.

My Maggie dear, to thy young eyes,
How bright the future seems,
A panorama all aglow,
A land of fairy dreams.
Nor mourning there, nor Wintry time,
But love and friendships fair,
Heed not the Syren's dulcet tones
She hides black, carking care.

To every human soul comes joy,
And then, anon, sharp pain;
My Maggie sweet, where comes the one
There, surely comes the twain,
With heaven's approval, on each act,
Though love and friendship flee,
What reck s the soul for idols broke
She lives—she soars, Earth free.

—JESSIE.

A WELCOME GUEST.—Having been away on a visit, it is some time since I have "met in conclave" with the HOUSEHOLD. But here I am again, and I see the discussions are as warm and genial as ever on all topics. There is one thing in which I want you all to rejoice with me. That is, the evident progress of the Temperance movement. Would that I were able to do more than mere rejoicing in this glorious work. My dear friends, you may smile, but I believe it is a sure sign of the dawning of a bright Millennial Day upon this darkened, sin laden earth. I really believe there are better and happier times in store for the whole human race—of which this tearing down of the accursed liquor traffic is but a foreshadowing. Why, only think of all the sin and misery that will disappear, hand in hand with whisky.

Is it not an established fact that liquor is the direct cause—the moral instigator—of sin and crime in all its diversified forms? Do away with rum and presently—O! blessed thought!—you shall see the miserable house of ill-fame dwindling into obscurity and finally oblivion. For do not the two go hand in hand? Yea verily; united they stand divided they fall. And great and glorious will be the fall thereof! May the good work go on and flourish in spite of the enemy, who will fight every inch of the ground to the last.

I will send you a few verses which I have written as an outcome of this happy belief in a brighter future—a better beyond. There is much more I could say upon the subject; my heart is full of thoughts which I would like to impart to you, but lest I weary your good patience, I desist:

A BETTER BEYOND.

When clouds overcast the bright sky of our hopes,
And our pathway with trials abound;
When fair birds of promise will wither and droop,
O, think of that Better Beyond!
A better, a fairer Beyond—a sweeter, a truer Beyond;
O, lift up your hearts, you sorrowing ones,
And think of that Better Beyond!

One fair bird of promise is left us to-day,
Restored by a Father full kind,
Who watches with pity our wearisome way:
'Tis the hope of a Better Beyond,
A fairer, a truer beyond—a beautiful, happy beyond.
Then lift up your hearts, ye sorrowing ones,
And think of that Better Beyond.

Lay hold onto faith, ye weak, doubting ones;
Your hearts unto hope be attuned.
Let the light of fair Truth, like the rays of the sun,
Guide your feet to that Better Beyond.
O, trust in that Better Beyond,
Put your hopes in that Better Beyond.
Lift up your hearts, ye weak, doubting ones,
And trust in that Better Beyond.

M. IDA SMITH, West Halleck, Ill.

WANTED.—"Charley" is "studiously inclined." The ambition is creditable. The world's wants are many and great. It wants teachers—not teachers of that nondescript, make-shift class, who only resort to teaching as an easy method of raising the means with which to start in some other business; not teachers whose sudden translation from taught to teaching, begets only an idea to rule, rule with rigor, to impose arbitrary tasks upon the helpless juveniles whom they find temporarily under their despotism, tasking their ingenuity to find penalties for failure of the hapless wight to reach their own self erected standard, but teachers who will not only elevate and advance themselves, but will elevate and advance their profession; teachers who command not only the respect and esteem, but the absolute confidence of their pupils.

The average American scholar of to-day is often a being of some intelligence, and though he may clothe his teacher in the mantle of infallibility, is not, therefore necessarily a fool, and many find to their cost.

Whoever accepts the position so assigned, and fails to sustain it, need not look to regain it lightly. A hasty, rash, or inconsiderate assertion may seem to have secured conviction, but it is only temporary. With the discovery of the fraud comes a distrust, that long and faithful effort may not remove.

'Tis no holiday pastime to be a true instructor of the young. Only absolute accuracy is allowable, and that one who is constantly making mistakes may as well quit the schoolroom, so far as holding the confidence of the scholars is concerned. True, all are liable to make an occasional mistake, to acknowledge which commands respect and increases confidence, but to doggedly stick to the wrong, even though shown it by a pupil, is to forfeit claim to even common deference. And that one who "can keep a straight face, while trying to make a scholar believe a lie," has sown seed which will bear a crop of contempt, which the infant memory will unwittingly hold for long years to come. And that teacher who tries to create prejudices against each other among their pupils, merits not only censure, but ejection of, but expulsion from the profession. Yet it is done. Not always openly, perhaps, yet as truly, though it be by those subtle influences which the shrewd and designing do not cruple to use.—ROB ERIC PORTER.

THE SISTERS, A PICTURE.—AN IMPROMPTU.

Three fair young creatures, as apple boughs
In the morning of life, flinging fragrance
And nature, and friendship, and youth, and love,
With all their charms, as a halo, crowned them.
Twain, of the trio, quaff, the nectar of life;
As it rushes on, rushes on, faster and faster,
And the third—the radiant queen of the band;
Sits as Mary of Old, at the feet of the Master.

JESSIE.

PICTURES OF THE EMBERS.—How many members of the HOUSEHOLD enjoy a good, old-fashioned fire-place! I mean one where wood is burned. I do; and altho not a member unless you'll admit me now, I've long been an eager listener to the stories great and small, sad and bright, sweet and tender, told round the table of the household. When the fire is built in the evening, it burns at first with a fitful brightness, just as Spring comes over the earth; coyly at first, with hesitating, uncertain steps. I can see the sweet new grass and little star-like flowers that are so pure and fresh, that the angles mult have dropped them there. Then the rich rains of Spring, that come so gently and drop daintily to the earth with an occasional glimpse of sunshine to make the drops bright—like so many tears of joy, —we find again

"Leaping and shouting from the up-piled rocks,
To make earth echo with the joy of waves."

Now the fire burns with a warm, steady blaze, just as Summer comes with long, bright days, dewy mornings, when Nature is smiling in her rare loveliness; pleasant twilights, when rest is so sweet to the laborer; the busy hours of work indoors and out, the whirr of machinery, the waving fields of beautiful grain; walks in the grand old woods, with flowers and birds, God's best musicians, everywhere around us. But, see! the fire is not so hot, the blaze not so steady as it was. Autumn, with all its deeper glories, comes softly in the footsteps of Summer. See the green hills lifting their rich fruit offerings to their God—each an altar of the world. How delicious the winds from which the torturing ardent heat of Summer is gone. Now how glorious the forest. So many rich colors blended, as if, as Willis says, "A thousand rainbows have been torn into shreds and woven among the tree tops." It seems to me as if some great artist, tired of slowly painting pictures on canvas, had poured out all his colors at once upon the trees; but true to his artistic instinct, had made a harmonious blending that soothes the soul while pleasing the eye. Here, too are the stacks of grain, piles of fruit and vegetables waiting to be sorted and housed for the Winter need; plenty of work for the busy, willing hands to accomplish before cold weather. Ah! the fire has burned low, so low that the flames are weak and feeble now; Winter has come in so quietly that Autumn's voice and the trail of her garment may yet be heard. The days are dark and cheerless, without the glad sunlight to brighten it. See the heavy clouds roll up, heralding a storm, but instead of wild wind and thunder and lightning, here comes the beautiful snow. The large feathery flakes, which the little ones like to watch, and whose beauty is a never-ending wonder. Christmas comes with all its cheer, with the gladness it brings that long ago, angels told of joy, peace and good will toward all men over all the old earth, and of the Babe who "so loved the world"—but here, the fire is so nearly out I can't see any more pictures, and I declare it is bed time, so good night.—SWEETBRIAR, Watson, Ill.

Inquiries.

Will some one please tell me what the trouble is with my chickens? The disease, whatever it is, has been among them three months or more. I can not see that anything ails them, only the crop seems to be very much swollen. They have ravenous appetites all the time, but will stand around and seem very dumpish after eating. In all this time we have lost only three, but the the fourth one is about to die.—INQUIRER.

Miss J. M. Cook, Houstonia, Pettis Co., Mo., wishes to correspond with some lady in Texas in regard to a home for an orphan girl that has none.

Will some one please tell me how to teach pupils to march? Information desired as soon as possible.—IDA.

Can any of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD inform me where I can get an outfit for taking photographs, and a book teaching how to take them?—SUNFLOWER.

Your best way is to go to some good photographer and receive instructions. Then you will be likely to learn how to do the work well.—ED.

Will you please ask in your BLADE of next issue for the direction for reducing flesh? I do not remember seeing it.

I would like to know how to cure baldness, and how to prevent the hair from falling out. Will some one please answer? —BALLARD, Hartford City, Ind.

Do not eat fat-producing articles such as fat meat, rich gravies, sugar, oatmeal etc. Take a good deal of exercise in the open air and unless the accumulation of flesh is the result of disease, it can be got rid of.

Wash the head as directed in "Health and Beauty." Brush it gently and carefully every night on going to bed. Apply some tonic such as bay rum with quinine, to stimulate the scalp to action.—ED.

Can any one tell me what will color white velvet black and also what white ostrich plumes and how much coloring matter will it take to color enough for a bonnet?—A LOVER OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

What will make the hair grow fast? Will some one send a pretty pattern for edging, say a quarter or half an inch wide, to be knit with thread? Will some one send a pattern for a cheap, plain air castle? Where can I sell fancy articles?—KANSAS SUNFLOWER.

Can any one tell me how to polish silver ware?—MRS. A. S.

Will some one be so kind as to send directions for knitting a collar?—MRS. I. B. PHILLIPS, box 5, Perley, Wis.

Please inform me, through the BLADE, where I can obtain material for making wax flowers? Also the tools for doing the work?—MRS. A. S.

Will some kind reader of the BLADE send at once a cure for tape worm for a child of 9 years?—VINCENT.

Will some one give the address of *Carl Pretzel's Weekly?*—G. F. D.

I noticed one or two catarrh remedies given through the HOUSEHOLD. This is one I consider better, having used it successfully for catarrh of the throat: One-half oz. Tulu, 1 pt of alcohol, 2 dr. of oil of bitter almonds, ½ oz. tincture iodine, ½ oz. glycerine. It is only necessary to get one-fourth of this prescription filled at one time. Use in connection a good inhaler, putting a small quantity in the inhaling bottle at one time, and using the head and throat tubes alternately.—BETTINE, Lear, Kan.

"Moth Patches." Perhaps I can help you. Within a few months the following appeared in the HOUSEHOLD Dep't: "Bernhardt," moth patches may be renewed by the following remedy: Into a pint bottle of rum put a tablespoonful of flour of sulphur. Apply this to the patches once a day, and they will disappear in two or three weeks. Another: Put one oz. of gum benzoin into four ounces of alcohol; shake daily for a week, then pour the clear part into a pint bottle and fill up with rain water. Apply once or twice a day, washing with soap between times'—EX MED.

Answers to Inquiries.

Please answer the following in the next BLADE, and greatly oblige a sister in distress: 1. How long before a wedding should the invitations be sent, and how to direct to Mr. Jones when you desire his lady friend to be present? 2. How should the parents congratulate the newly married couple? 3. Is it necessary for the bride to wear her gloves the remainder of the evening, after the supper? Would white be the only suitable color to wear with a dark green suit and what color in gloves and necktie should the groom wear? 4. What would be a suitable coiffure for the bride? 5. Is it necessary to thank each person, either in person or writing, for the presents. If so, how!—"COUNTRY GIRL," Mexico.

Wedding cards for invitation should be sent out from two to three weeks before the happy event. If it is an informal affair the invitations need not be given so long beforehand. Mr. J.'s lady friend should receive a separate invitation.

Parents should congratulate the newly married pair as their hearts dictate. The bride's father and mother should have precedence of everybody else, and then the groom's. They should offer their congratulations immediately after the ceremony.

"Country Girl" need not make herself uncomfortable at the wedding by putting her gloves on after supper, but they should correspond with the color of her dark costume, or they might be tan color, but not white. With suit of dark green, deep tan-color gloves and dark necktie would be more suitable. White gloves and necktie are worn by the groom only when in full evening costume.

The hair should be worn at all times as most becomes the wearer, and as a change is always trying, it should never be attempted by a bride.

By all means, if possible, thank intimate friends personally for their gifts, but do not fail within a month to acknowledge all gifts either verbally or by letter.—ED.

I have been very much interested in the articles on Table Etiquette, (the re, I spelled that with tte, before I thought, looked at the BLADE, found it only t without any e after it. Will look in the dictionary. That says tte, so I will not change it) which I find the same as my mother taught her children when I was little, with this exception. In those days we had no finger bowls, but now they seem indispensable to a meal, especially dinner. I would like "A Subscriber" to try for her stomach a little salaratus, ginger and water sweetened, whenever you feel distressed, and report the effect through the BLADE. I have no doubt the same will relieve your headache. I would like you to try it and report.—GRANDMA.

If President Arthur should die before his term expires, who would be President, as there is no Vice President now?—E. L. D.

The President of the Senate.—ED.

My big package of unanswered letters from unknown friends reproach me, and the first writing I attempt since my recent dangerous illness, is to try to answer through the BLADE the inquiries: First—I am not connected with any publishing house and can not get music published for others. Second—A composition may sound pretty and be in time, yet a publisher would reject it, because the harmony would be lacking. Stringing together chords and notes that please the ear will not do for a publisher. Third—I have a poet who has travelled extensively and has a good reputation, who writes my songs. I can not use one-half the poems sent me. Fourth—I have received many letters asking about pianos and organs. I have and am using a great variety, both cheap and expensive instruments. No one can expect first-class instruments for a low price. At present I am using an excellent, full, rich toned piano, cost $250. It is useless to recommend any one instrument, as tastes differ. Fifth—I have used the different charts when pupils desired me to do so, and I once taught a pupil in the "gospel songs" because her father would not allow me to use anything else. A teacher can not always have her way.

As for instructors, charts, organs and pianos, I have used them until I am so tired of them all, that I could not possibly get up enough interest about them to answer some of the abusive letters sent to me by those who differ with me. But I receive many bright, pleasant letters from enthusiasts in music that afford me much pleasure. Such letters are always welcome. Young teachers, who want to come West, must be first-class. There are good openings for good teachers. In speaking of instructors in former letter, it ought to have been "Studds" instead of "Judds." I recommend nothing that I have not tried.—ELLA GUERNSEY, Sedalia, Mo.

To make paste for wall paper, make a good thick starch of flour and water, same as you would to starch clothes with, only thicker, and put in a good handful of alum to a gallon of starch.—MRS. A. S.

In answer to last week's BLADE that a lady wished to know how to become a good housekeeper. The first point is neatness. Be neat in all things. Never have dirty, greasy dishcloths; always have nice white and clean ones. Never have dirty lamp chimneys; they can be easily cleaned by steaming them and rubbing with a dry cloth. Never have dirty windows either. This is the first step towards neat housekeeping. But I will not tarry longer on this subject, as someone else may have something more important to say. If the person wishing a pattern for narrow lace for underclothes will address me I will send a pattern.—MISS ALICE MOORE, Shreve, O.

"Mrs. N. C.," to wash white lace, take a smooth piece of pine board and pin the lace on carefully, and, with a sponge and borax water, pat it (do not rub)—if very dirty a little fine soapsuds may be used—and rinse and stand in the sun until dry. Heavy lace should be dipped in skim milk and never starched.—MRS. LUKE KEEFE, BENSON, Benson Co., Minn.

If the lady writing in BLADE, November 29, 1883, will give the location of their land in Hand County, Dakota, I will try and tell her anything she may want to know, as I am a resident of the eastern part of Hand County. Tell me the range and township. —MRS. M. M. THOMPSON, Wessington, Dakota Territory.

"Clara Wickwirl," as my husband is a practical paper-hanger, I am able to give you the desired information on making wall paper sizing: For an ordinary room nearly a quart of sifted flour, beat thoroly in cold water enough to the consistency of thick cream; have a teakettle of boiling water, which pour in slowly, stirring briskly the while until thin enough to spread easily. No need of boiling after mixed if the water was boiling hot as it will be sufficiently cooked. If it should become too thick after cooling, add a little cold water.—L. A. C.

"Subscriber" asks for a recipe for canning corn. I think if she will try the following method she will never want to can or dry corn: Take the corn, in the tender roasting ear state, slice it off of the cob; sprinkle some salt on the bottom of a jar; then put on a layer of corn, then more salt; use about 1 pt of salt to 3 pts of corn. When the jar is full, tie a paper over it, and set it away until wanted for use. To cook: Place the corn in cold water and bring to a boil; then change the water, and repeat till your taste tells you it is fresh enough; then cook and dress the same as you would in its season, If field corn is used a little sugar will improve it.—UNO.

Seeing in the BLADE a request from "L. D. W." for a cure for bronchitis, I will send one that I have never known to fail: Take the roots of Greek valarian, boil, strain, then take white sugar, boil until you have a sirup. Use it as you would a cough sirup.

For nasal catarrh, blood beet, gum Arabic, gum myrrh, pulverized equal parts. Use as a snuff.—MOLLY.

In your issue of the 6th I find a recipe for stopping kettles from leaking, which occurs the words, "If you fill it when dry," which is a mistake that spoils the recipe. I meant it should read "file" it when dry. I would further say that cast iron ware is sometimes porous and leaky in the bottom. In such case a little wet salt or lime rubbed in will, in most cases, cause it to rat-up; if not, try a little solution of sal ammonia. If any one should see this who did not see my other communication, and wishes to know the whole recipe and will drop me a line to that effect, with stamped envelope, I will send it cheerfully.—JAMES WILDE, Benton, Adrian County, Mo.

Recipes.

Economical Cake.—Among all the recipes for cake I don't see any so economical and as good as mine, which I will here give: ½ cupful butter, 2 eggs, 1 cupful sweet milk, 1 tablespoonful lemon essence, 3 cupfuls flour, 1 teaspoonful baking soda, 2 teaspoonfuls cream tartar. Put the cream tartar in the flour and soda in the milk. I always save out a little both of the milk and flour to mix tartar and soda with and add them just the last thing before putting in the pans. This, baked in one large cake, is excellent, but to add the yolks of 2 more eggs (saving the whites out to make frosting, which should be plentifully mixed with grated cocoanut,) and bake in layers, spreading icing and cocoanut between, it is just—well, it has to be tasted to be appreciated for its full worth.—ADRIENNA, Box 5, Port Perry, Pa.

Tomato Preserves.—I noticed in the columns of the HOUSEHOLD recipes for making tomato preserves, but as none are like those my mamma makes, I will send you her recipe: Select nice, smooth tomatos, (yellow are preferable), pare as you would an apple, cutting them once in two, and with a knife or spoon extract all the seeds. Take equal parts of sugar and fruit, stir them as little as possible, and flavor with lemon. Prepare a kettleful as you wish to cook it, for standing over night will turn them dark. Some may think this very tedious, but try it and you will never regret it.—ELSIE.

To Can Corn—Put the corn raw into tin cans then fill with cold water even with the top of the corn; solder up the can pricking a small hole in the cover. Solder that also. Boil the cans and contents in boiling water two and a half hours, then with a hot iron open the small hole and let the gas blow out, after which solder up and boil again two and a half hours and set away for use. Peas, string beans and Lima beans can be put up in the same way, and they certainly pay for the trouble.—NETTIE.

Sponge Jelly Cake.—3 eggs; 1½ cupfuls of sugar; ½ cupful sweet milk; 3 teaspoonfuls of cream tartar; 1 teaspoonful of soda dissolved in milk; a piece of butter the size of a walnut; 1½ teacupfuls of flour; spice to taste. You will find this good. I speak from experience, as I have used it many years. This is for "Emma."—BESS, Waukon, Iowa.

Hermit Cake.—1 cupful of butter, 1½ cupfuls of sugar, 1 cupful of stoned raisins or currants, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoonful soda dissolved in 3 tablespoonfuls of sour milk, 1 spoonful of mixed spices, flour enough to roll. Beat eggs and batter together, then add the other ingredients. Roll to the thickness of one-third of an inch, and cut with a cake cutter. These will keep for weeks, and are better when old. I want to fail to try them and report.—MRS. C. R. M., P. O. Box 43, Alma, Mich.

Blood Purifier.—1 lb. elder bark, 1 lb. burdock root, 1 lb. bitter sweet, 1 lb. sarsaparilla, ¼ lb. gum guacum, 1 qt. whisky (best rye). Put in whisky and water to cover the roots, boil an hour, pour off, cover with water again; boil one hour; pour off as before, cover with water, boil and strain. Boil all the juice with 6 lbs. of sugar, down to 1 gallon of syrup. Dose—1 tablespoonful 3 times a day.

Chicken Cholera.—½ teaspoonful of alum, ½ teaspoonful of copperas, dissolved in 1 gallon of water and placed for them to drink. While sick give them all they will take, then give about once a month as a preventive.—J. E. N.

Exceedingly Good Cure for Burns.—There are very few people but what know the common bullrush, and if they gather the blossoms of them in the Fall of the year and mix thick with fresh lard and apply at once there will be an end to the suffering occasioned by even the most severe burns, almost instantly.

Given Up by Physicians.

"The large experience that we have had during the past 18 years, in which we have treated many thousands of cases with our new Vitalizing remedy," say Drs. Starkey & Palen, of 1109 Girard street, Philadelphia, Pa., "satisfies us that nine-tenths of the diseases which have been steadily growing worse in spite of the best medical treatment the country affords, can be cured or greatly helped by the use of this agent. We do not say this in any boastful way. The declaration is based upon results of so surprising a character, and in so wide a range of cases, many of them given up by physicians as hopeless, that its stands as a fact open to the clearest authentication, and we will afford any one who desires to verify these reports and testimonials which we lay before the public the largest opportunity for doing so." Write to them for their pamphlet describing the nature and action of this new and remarkable Treatment. It will be sent free.

Our Young Folks

A LITTLE LESSON FOR MANY FOLKS.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

He was a dear little, poor little boy,
And she was a dear little, poor little girl,
But their faces were clean and their hearts they were light,
And on each of their heads was a nice little curl.
And upon Christmas Eve in their poor little room
They sat with cold noses ('twas chilly, because
There wasn't much fire) and earnestly talked
Of that wonderful giver of gifts, Santa Claus.
Said the poor little boy: "He will never come here,
This garret's too high and the chimney's too tall.
Besides, sister dear, I don't b'lieve that he'll think
Of such very poor children as we are at all."
"But I b'lieve he will," said the poor little girl,
"And I'll hang my best stocking outside on the blind,
Where he can't fail to see it if passing this way
And p'raps in it to-morrow some goodies we'll find."
So she opened the window and carefully tied
To the shutter her stocking, and left it to swing
All night in the wind, while she peacefully dreamed
Of the presents she hoped that the Santa would bring.

Soon came Christmas morn, and the poor little girl
Awoke, dressed herself, and repeated a prayer.
Then she flew to the stocking with hope-brightened eyes,
Turned it this side and that side, but found nothing there.
And then poor little boy, with big tears on his cheeks,
Sobbed "I knew it—I knew it—I told you last night
That Santa Claus'd never remember us two
We're such very poor children, and wasn't I right?"
But the dear little girl, with a smile and a kiss,
Said, "He didn't forget us on purpose, my dear,
I am sure, for he's kind, yes, as kind as can be,
And the reason, I think, that he didn't come here,
Is this: He found out that he had not brought enough
Of presents to go all around, so you see
He gave what he had to the poorest poor ones,
And there's thousands of children much poorer than we,
Girls who haven't a brother, and no-sister boys,
While I have got you, dear, and you have got me."

—*Good Cheer.*

THE CRITIC.

BY JANET MILLER.

We were "practising scales" in the parlor,
And the air was wild with our din,
When, happening to glance at the window,
A robin was looking in.

His wee head turned sideways with wonder,
As he listened in mute surprise;
For how those children could blunder
In scales, he couldn't surmise.

Ah! robin, don't judge in a hurry,
Though your scales are quite without flaws;
Don't you think you would be in a flurry,
If you were obliged to use claws?

—*Wide Awake.*

CHILDREN'S GAMES.

IV.

Everybody likes to laugh. If there are any who do not, it must be that they are ill, or else have a naturally gloomy temperament that can never see aught bright or cheerful in life. Rarely are there children, however, that are not ready to get all the fun that is possible out of everything. If there is a chance to laugh off they go in a merry peal that occasionally grows very loud and disturbs the older members of the family, who cannot see where the sport comes in.

It is a good thing to laugh heartily and often, only do not get bolsterous

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports etc., etc. Communications should be written only on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

Keeping Hogs Warm.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm.

Every farmer keeps hogs, and yet not one in four keep them housed as they should be in cold weather. It is doubtless from neglect or carelessness that hogpens are usually cold, open structures, than from a prevalent belief among farmers that the hog is so exceedingly warm-blooded as to need little or no shelter. Pens are built of rough lumber, not tattened; often open on one entire side, with open floor, or no floor at all, and here the poor brute must shiver and squeal. It will pay you well, my fellow farmer to batten cracks in sides and floor, and to tightly enclose a space and keep it well filled with straw, leaving only a place for ingress and egress and a small opening near the top for ventilation. You can save 25 per cent in feed, whether you are fattening your hogs or keeping them over, by keeping them warm. If you cannot afford a good board pen, build it of stone, logs, brush and leaves, or even of earth. I have seen good, warm pens built at little expense of either of these. If you only have a small, well shielded place for them to lie in, you are sure to save feed.—F. ARMER, Michigan.

The Sire is Half the Breed.

The importance of using only full bloods as sires is often insisted on by writers on the subject of horse breeding. The following diagram may assist parties of less experience to a better understanding of the matter, and enable them to see at a glance the result to be expected:

½ blood { Full blood
¾ blood { Full blood
½ blood } Full blood
Scrub

On the right we have the pair with which we are supposed to begin breeding, viz.: a full-blooded male and a scrub female.

To the left of these we have their produce; that is, a half-blooded female, which we breed to another full-blood male, the result being a three-fourths blood female. This in turn bred to a full-blooded male, gives us on the left a seven-eighths-blood female. She, if bred to a full-blood male, would give a fifteen-sixteenths, and by continuing the same course we would need have a thirty-one-thirty-seconds. Granting that the influence of the sire and dam are equal, and that half the blood of each is represented in the progeny, it is evident that a sire will give half the character to the produce of the herd in which he alone is used. Practically, however, the influence of well-bred sires usually predominates over that of grade dams, so that, in fact, the improvement is generally greater than would be inferred from the figures here given.

Breeding in the manner shown might be continued indefinitely, until no trace of the scrub stock could be detected. Suppose farmers and breeders everywhere should use only full-blooded sires, what a rapid advance would be made in the improvement of our domestic animals. But farmers do not all do this, and perhaps they never will. On the contrary, they persist in using half-blood and half-grade sires.

It often happens that a few crosses only, with full-blood sires on scrub stock, will result in grade progeny, which, to all appearances, are as good and pure bred as those of very many more crosses. When put to the test, however, as breeders, they almost invariably show their low origin in their progeny. The trace of scrub stock which could in no other way be detected, is generally revealed by the inferior stock produced.

The following diagram shows the usual result of the common method of using half-blooded sires:

Scrub { Half blood { Full-blood
Scrub { Scrub

First the farmer buys a full-blood male which he breeds to a scrub female. He selects from their progeny a male which is of course a half-blood, and this he breeds to another scrub female. His gain as the result somewhat more than a scrub stock than any improvement he had expected, so that instead of having made any progress he finds himself back at his starting point. All he has made by the purchase of a full-blood male is that in the first cross he got some extra fine feeding animals. His mistake was in selecting a male from these for breeding purposes. Had he retained one or more of the best females and bred them to a new full-blood male, he would have been on the advance, as shown by the first diagram.

An over-production of any given article of trade or commerce usually causes a reduction in price. Hence those who count their wealth by the quantity standard are not infrequently sadly disappointed when, at the final reckoning of the profits for the season, they find them much less than they had expected. It is, therefore, that all who would keep on "the safe side for success should bear in mind that although the demand for quantity may be more than supplied, that for quality is seldom, if ever, fully met. As a rule, the better grades of manufactured articles, as well as live stock, always meet with ready sale. To produce the best animals for the purpose they are designed should be the aim of every true breeder. He who succeeds in this will scarcely fail of a two-fold reward—the satisfaction of seeing improved stock about him, and of receiving good prices for what he may have to sell.—*Exchange.*

Location and Buildings.

A. M. Halstead, of New York, the author of the work on artificial incubation, gives these views in regard to location and buildings necessary for the poultry yard:

My selection would be a dry situation, with a southern or southeastern slope. If on the bank of a lake or pond, well; but I would prefer a small stream. A rough piece of land, with some underbrush and rocks, is not unobjectionable, unless the rocks are broken or piled up, so as to make a harbor for rats or weasels. Some underbrush is desirable for shade, and if there were none on the place selected I would plant some low-growing evergreens and currant bushes; the latter are beneficial for fruit—the fowls being very fond of it—as well as for shelter from the heat of the sun.

In the buildings to shelter the fowls, I would advise a number of small houses, rather than one of large size, for the breeding stock. A convenient and economical way would be to build each house double; that is, to shelter two yards of fowls, letting the dividing fence join the house in the center. Houses 12 feet long by six feet wide will make two apartments, each large enough to accommodate 50 hens and four cocks—which are as many as had best be kept together. Provision must be made for ventilation, which in hot weather must be ample. The yard for this number of fowls should not be less than one eighth of an acre, two-thirds of which should be in grass; the remainder, in bare earth, should be plowed or spaded in alternate portions every week. A small shed, not necessarily over two to three feet high (a few boards held by a light frame will answer), should be provided, under which fix a dusting place of fine sand, wood ashes and some tobacco dust, that it may be dry in all weather. In exposed situations, I would make this shed for Winter use by raising the front three feet high and letting the back down to and into the ground, having it open toward the south. In another part of the yard place a trough or shallow box, in which keep a supply of fine gravel—unless the soil is gravelly, in which case it is not needed.

In fencing the yards the hight will have to be regulated by the breed of fowls kept. The Asiatics require only a fence of three feet to keep them within bounds, while the leghorns and other light-bodied kinds will readily go over a board or picket fence six or eight feet high. A few years since I put up some fencing of wire netting five feet wide, with a board underneath, making the fence nearly six feet high, and I find the leghorns are perfectly controlled by it; better, in fact, than by a picket fence two feet higher, which I had been using. In putting up wire fencing, never use a top rail; it gives the fowls a foothold to light upon, and they are certain to fly over.

In addition to the buildings for the breeding stock, there will be required a setting or hatching room; a nursery for the young chicks, which should be partly covered with glass, and a second building, into which they should be placed when four or five weeks old. The size of those buildings is to be governed by the extent of the business. Besides these, there might be profitably used one or more sheds, peaked roofed, open on all sides, with perches placed not less than four feet from the ground. After the middle of April of the chicks that are old enough should be made to roost in these.

The Mechanical Efforts of Roots.

The true mechanical efforts of roots are exerted in their struggle for progress through the soil, and examples for illustration are many. To understand the magnitude of their work, we must bear in mind that each root displaces an amount of soil equal to its own bulk. Take, for instance, a crop of mangel wurzels, and imagine what an upheaval there must have been produced in the soil by the growth of its enormous mass. The whole surface of the field is raised and its particles loosened.

In practical questions of the farm this power is of value. Those who give turnips and mangels a place in their system of rotation, do so ostensibly for their feeding value, but beyond this their mechanical effect is also of much importance.

The most striking results of the mechanical power of roots are seen when they come in contact with the most resisting obstacles. They have been unearthed from compact gravelly soil, where the struggle for room had been so fierce that they became distorted out of all natural shape. I is not unusual to find trees growing in the clefts of leages, showing unmistakably that the expansion of the roots has forced the rock apart. A case is cited, on good authority, of a root of the sugar maple that had pushed its way under a rock weighing nearly two tons, and by its enlargement lifted it entirely from its bed. Trees have been observed growing on the bare rock, resting upon the roots which ran out into the soil on either side, and yet these roots, supporting the enormous weight of the tree, formed each year new growth on their underside, and lifted the tree by the space of its thickness until seven inches of wood had been formed under the severe pressure.—*W. E. Stone in American Agriculturist.*

The Benefits of Drainage.

The land can be utilized for crops to the depth that it is drained, but no deeper. Drainage not only deepens soil, but improves its texture and quality. The air will penetrate the soil as deep as it is drained, and impart to it fertilizing qualities; it enables us to work sooner after rain; it makes the ground much warmer, and does it much sooner by the warm rains passing through it; it enables us to get at our work much earlier in the Spring; it starts our crops two weeks earlier; it prevents crops from freezing out in Winter; it enables us to get the full benefit of manures that would be soaked and washed away if not drained; it improves the quality of hay and pasture; it gets our fields in a cleaner and healthier condition; it prevents surface washing; it makes the surface more friable and mellow, and easier to cultivate; it prevents land from becoming sour, by removing all standing water before it becomes stagnant; it banishes the chils and fever, and other forms of malarial diseases.

The drainage is much the cheapest and most effectual way of drying up wet and muddy roads; it will assist in drying up the mud around the farm buildings; it will change that pale and sickly hue from your children's complexion to that of the blooming rose. As more of the mysteries of vegetable growth are solved, the more will successful farmers learn of the great benefit of the tile drainage.—*Field Farm and Fireside.*

LOKONI, ARK., October 26, 1882.—For he sake of the balance of mankind who may be suffering, I wish to give you my experience with one of your Georgia remedies. I have been afflicted with scrofula for more than twelve years—have had sores on me as large as a man's hand for that length of time, and last Summer was so bad off that I could not wear any clothing. Everybody, including myself, had given me up to die, and said I would be dead a man in three months. I had taken hundreds of bottles of all kinds of medicines, had spent hundreds of dollars with physicians, and had ruined my system with mercury and potash, when a friend told me of the wonderful cures made by Swift's Specific. I got it and began its use, and soon found it was just what I wanted. In a short time it cured me sound and well. Thousands of dollars could not buy from me what Swift's Specific has done for me. The County officials, and in fact everybody in the County will bear witness to what I have written, for I was a well known case.
Yours respectfully, R. L. HIGH.

The Game of Baccarat.

London Truth.

At baccarat, half-a-dozen packs of cards are put before the banker. Not to enter into details, the game is this: The banker takes two cards and gives two cards to the players; both banker and players have the right to draw one card. The winner is he whose cards approach the nearest to a certain value. As the banker may see the card drawn by the player before electing to take one or to remain with his original two, he has an advantage of about 5 per cent. Nothing is more easy than to cheat at this game. The banker may be, and, of course, often is, a professional swindler as well as an adept at sleight of hand. This latter talent is, however, not necessary. The table at which he sits is surrounded by a crowd, every one of whom can see the cards dealt to the players. One of them has only to make a sign to the banker in order to tell him what is the value of the players' cards, and thus to indicate to him whether he would do well to draw a card or not. That sane human beings should be induced to stake their money under such conditions is proof that human credulity is an inexhaustible fund.

Extreme Tired Feeling.

A lady tells us "the first bottle has done my daughter a great deal of good, her food does not distress her now, nor does she suffer from that *extreme tired feeling* which she did before taking Hood's Sarsaparilla." A second bottle effected a cure. No other preparation contains such a concentration of vitalizing, enriching, purifying and invigorating properties as Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The Virginia Troubles.

Mr. Frank King, a Northern capitalist, of Van Buren Furnace, Shenandoah County, Va., writes the following to the *Baltimore American:*

As a Northern man, with large interests in this State, I most earnestly protest against the scandalous manifesto of Mahone, deeming it a wicked and infamous attempt to ruin the State that he can no longer rule. I am an original Republican, have voted for its every Presidential nominee, from John C. Fremont to James A. Garfield, and during a 15 years' residence in the State have never hesitated to express any sentiments and avow any principles as fully and as freely as I would on Boston Common or Faneuil Hall, and I propose to continue doing so. With a large acquaintance in the State I do not know any other man, respecting himself, who has not done the same. Virginia will protect her own citizens and welcome others from all sections and countries. Her varied industrial enterprises throughout the State, many of them the growth of outside thought and outside capital, bear evidence of it.

THE grip of pneumonia may be warded off with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

A New Use for Pretty Shop Girls.

New York Letter in the Boston Herald.

In one of our millinery establishments a number of remarkably pretty girls are kept in an ante-room ostensibly employed to sew. They represent a wide variety in complexion and types of feature. When a customer wavers in deciding between two bonnets, the wily clerk calls in one of these girls and says: "Here is a head and face quite like yours, and I can show you the effect this hat will have on you." Of course, on beauty's top, the piece of millinery is bewitching, and gratified vanity quickly comples the sale.

If the testimony of eminent chemists and sagacious medical men is of any value, Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is the most perfect made. These men of standing in their professions not only recommend its use, but endorse its perfect purity, excellence and wholesomeness by using it in their own families.

The Freak of a Texas Clock.

San Marcos Free Press

Billy Reed gives a rather marvelous story of a clock at Major Standifer's. It is 80 years old and had been silent for eight, until a few days since it suddenly wakened up and struck 180 without stopping.

WHILE PASTOR OF THE CANTON CHURCH, New Jersey, some years ago, I temporarily lost my voice, and was, in consequence unable to preach for nearly a year. Last Spring I began to have all the symptoms of losing it again. I labored with great difficulty, fearing each time preached would be the last. In July I commenced using Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, at the same time rubbing my throat and chest freely with the Liniment. I gargled my throat daily, according to the directions given in Dr. Jayne's Almanac, at the same time taking the Expectorant regularly. Feeling very much better, I discontinued the use of the Liniment and the Gargle, but still kept on with the Expectorant. This Winter I have been more exposed, and pryach oftener than for many years past, and yet my voice seems to be growing stronger, and were it not mannly roarse it will assist in drying up the mud around the farm buildings; it will change that pale and sickly hue from your children's complexion to that of the blooming rose. As more of the mysteries of vegetable growth are solved, the more will successful farmers learn of the great benefit of the tile drainage.—*Field Farm and Fireside.*

The Sunday School.

The Conference at Jerusalem.

LESSON I, SUNDAY, JANUARY 6, 1884.

Golden Text—We believe that through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved, even as they.—Acts 15: 11.

LESSON TEXT.

Acts 15: 1-11.

1. And certain men which came down from Judea taught the orethren and said, Except ye be circumcised after the manner of Moses, ye cannot be saved.

2. When therefore Paul and Barnabas had no small dissension and disputation with them, they determined that Paul and Barnabas, and certain other of them should go up to Jerusalem unto the apostles and elders about this question.

3. And being brought on their way by the church, they passed through Phenice and Samaria, declaring the conversion of the Gentiles: and they caused great joy unto all the brethren.

4. And when they were come to Jerusalem, they were received of the church, and of the apostles and elders, and they declared all things that God had done unto them.

5. But there arose up certain of the sect of the Pharisees which believed saying, That it was needful to circumcise them, and to command them to keep the law of Moses.

6. And the apostles and elders came together for to consider of this matter.

7. And when there had been much disputing, Peter rose up and said unto them, Men and brethren, ye know how that a while ago God made choice among us, that the Gentiles by my mouth should hear the word of the gospel and believe.

8. And God, which knoweth the hearts, bare them witness, giving them the Holy Ghost, even as he did unto us.

9. And put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith.

10. Now therefore, why tempt ye God, to put a yoke upon the neck of the disciples, which neither our fathers nor we were able to bear?

11. But we believe that through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved, even as they.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Turning frrm the Old Testament to the New, we find that the path of Christians is no more free from difficulties than was the path of the Israelites. Peter and Paul had their trials, as surely as Samuel and David. This first lesson shows something of the difficulties encountered by the apostles, and their way of meeting those difficulties. Its teachings illustrate:

1. Consider the Points in Question (vs. 1, 2, 5, 7.)
2. Seek the Wisest Counsel Available (vs. 2, 4, 6.)
3. Encourage Believers' Hearts Meanwhile (v. 3.)
4. Recognize God's Evident Approvings (vs. 7-10.)
5. Rest on the Chief Essential (v. 11.)

1. CONSIDER THE POINTS IN QUESTION.

Certain men came saying, Except ye be circumcised after the manner of Moses, ye cannot be saved. Paul and Barnabas had no small dissension and questioning with them (vs. 1, 2.) Differences of opinion among Christians are inevitable. Men of the same spirit will not all think alike on every point of doctrine or practice. And these differences have to be considered. It is of no use to say that the Bible is so plain that there need be but one opinion concerning any of its more important teachings; for there are more opinions than one on such matters, and there always have been. The question which caused such dissension in Antioch was quickly disposed of; but differences still exist as to the day of the week to be observed as the Sabbath, as to the nature and mode of the rite of admission to the Christian Church, as to the forms of church government, as to the orders and authority in the Christian ministry, and as to many other things. If Paul and Barnabas were here to-day, they would have to have "no small dissension and questioning" over these points, before they could bring everybody to their way of thinking; and so long as there is such differences, it is wisdom to consider them, if only for the purpose of avoiding fruitless discussion over them, to the neglet of all co-operation that may be possible on a common basis of conviction, and to a common end.

2. SEEK THE WISEST COUNSEL AVAILABLE.

The brethren appointed Saul and Barnabas, and certain other of them, should go up to Jerusalem unto the apostles and elders about this question (v. 2.) Although differences of opinion are inevitable, it is well to take all reasonable steps for the removal of such differences as exist in the way of harmony in Christian work. In many an instance a difference can be removed by reference to the Bible text, or by a study of judicious comments on that text, or by an examination of church history. Again, there are differences which can best be referred to church authorities, or some tribunal recognized by both parties as worthy of confidence in such a matter. In any event, it is important to show a spirit of conciliation, and a readiness to ascertain the truth, and to conform to it when ascertained. He lacks a Christian spirit, who would not yield his opinion at once, if he found that his opion was an error; and he who would show a Christian spirit must give ue deference to his Christian brethren who conscientiously count him in error in his opinion.

3. ENCOURAGE BELIEVERS' HEARTS MEANWHILE.

They passed through both Phenicia and Samaria, declaring the conversion of the Gentiles, and they caused great joy unto all the brethren (v. 3.) They might have said so much about the dissensions over the new Gentile converts as to have left a blue streak in their path all the way from Antioch to Jerusalem. But, on the other hand, they only told of God's good work in winning souls to Jesus, so that all their pathway was brightned behind them, "and they caused great joy unto all the brethren" along the way of their journeyings. And these two ways of acting and doing are still open to all Christian disciples every where. It would be easy so to dwell on the difference between denominations as to dishearten all workers for the courmon Master. Or again, it is possible to dwell on the causes for gratitude in God's goodness towards those who are the occasion of those differences, as to make the hearts believers everywhere to swell with joy. You will find both ways illustrated in every time of religious revival. When faithful evangelists are blessed in the winning of souls, at a series of union meetings, some persons will be asking what church these converts are to join, or will be pointing out some unseemly efforts at proselyting these converts; while other persons will be declaring the cause for gratitude in the turning of so many souls to the Savior of sinners. To which class of commentators do you belong? There is not much doubt as to which side you ought to belong to, if you would be in the apostolic succession.

4. RECOGNIZE GOD'S EVIDENT APPROVINGS.

God, which knoweth the hearts, bare them giving them the Holy Ghost, even as he did us; and put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith (vs. 8, 9.) It is the sovereign's stamp which settles the question as to the right of a coin to be counted current among loyal subjects of that sovereign. When God puts his stamp of approval on a man or a woman, or on a movement, that fact ought to weigh beyond any individual opinion as to the original propriety of such an approval. It may seem to us that the elder and more imposing Eliab is far better suited to the kingship than the youthful rustic David; but when God decides to favor the latter, it is time for us to reverse our opinion on this point. So, also to preachers and methods of preaching, as to denominational peculiarities and modes of working, as to special agents and agencies in Christian endeavor—not what we thought God would approve, but what we knd God has approved, ought to weigh most with us in deciding the question of our accepting or battling that instrumentality or undertaking. Gamaliel's warning is as timely for our day as it was for his, in many a matter for treating Christian work and Christian workers. In opposing those who claim to stand for God, while they differ from us, we may be found to be fighting against God.

5. REST ON THE CHIEF ESSENTIALS.

But we believe that through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved, even as they (v. 11.) That was a graceful way of putting an important truth, on Peter's part. He didn't say, but we believe that through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ they will be saved, even as we. His expression of confidence was that he and the other Jewish Christians would be saved as well as the Gentile Christians. For the latter he didn't have any doubt, and he was glad to hope for the same salvation as theirs That is a good way of referring to other denominations, nowadays: "We hope that we shall prove as zealous for Christ as these Methodists, as faithful to God's Word as these Baptists, as zealous for sound doctrine as these Presbyterians." Or again: "Our hope of heaven is through the one Savior of sinners, who is recognised as the source of salvation by Protestants and Romanists alike, and who came according to the Scriptures as the Messiah of the Jews." Whatever other truth is called in question, and whatever may be the points of difference between Christians, the great essential truth of Christianity which is to be held without wavering, and which cannot be fairly questioned by one who would call himself a Christian, is the truth that "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—*H. Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.*

News of the Week

CONGRESSIONAL.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 18.

The following bills were reported from Committees and placed on the calendar:

Sen. Van Wyck offered a resolution calling upon the Secretary of the Interior for copies of mortgages given by the Texas Pacific Railway on lands granted by act of March 3, 1871. Also to inform the Senate the names of railroad corporations claiming lands not earned during the lifetime of the grant, together with the number of acres claimed by each road. Agreed to.

Sen. Sherman moved that Anson G. McCook be chosen Secretary of the Senate.

Sen. Pendleton moved to amend by substituting the name of L. Q. Washington. Lost; yeas 29, nays 32. The main resolution was agreed to, and Mr. McCook was sworn in.

The remaining Republican nominees were elected as follows: Chief Clerk, Charles W. Johnson, Minnesota; Executive Clerk, James R. Young, Pennsylvania. Chaplain, Rev. Elias Dewitt Huntley, District of Columbia; Sergeant-at-Arms, W. P. Canady, North Carolina.

Sen. Saulsbury called attention in regard to Republicans playing civil service, for which thay were so highly praised, and for which they voted, when they not only took offices and good salaries, but even the chaplaincy.

Sen. Beck objected to the course of the Republicans in turning out Mr. Bright, a man of conspicuous ability, and electing Mr. Canady, without experience, and said it was clear that the civil service idea was considered by Republicans a mere humbug, when it interferes with them. He asked what special fitness the new nominee had for the office.

Sen Sherman replied that he was doing just what the gentleman from Kentucky (Beck) would under similar circumstances do with a straight face and without apology, and he (Sherman) had no apology to offer. Mr. Canady is a man of standing and of high character, and well-fitted for the duties of the office.

The question pending was the adoption, first, of new rules relating to the election of President pro tempore, and his right in case of absence to name a substitute who could perform the duties of the chair for three days.

A debate arose in the third clause, which s as follows:

Third—The President pro tempore shall have the right to name in open Senate, or if absent, in writing, a Senator to perform the duties of the Chair, and the Senator thus designated may discharge such duties for a period not exceeding three days unless the Senate otherwise order.

Sen. Bayard stated that he had not been able to discharge his mind that grave objections existed in this clause owing to contingencies that might ensue in case of the death of the President and Vice President. He thought it placed the question of the Presidential succession in a very dangerous position. This is a matter in which it will not do to say that the weight of the argument rests on one side or the other. It should be placed in such a position that there would be absolutely no doubt about it, and he could not see that the arguments advanced by those who favored this were at all satisfactory.

Sen. Jones (Fla.) and Sen. Blair thought it dangerous to clothe the President pro tem. with such power.

Sen. Maxey remarked that this proposed clause was a change in the rule which had been in force 60 years, and was practically a departure from the theory which the rule defended, for it was only meant as a temporary necessity, while under the construction now held, if the time could be made three days it could be extended 30 days. He opposed the provision.

Sen. Frye, who reported the clause as Chairman of the Committee on Rules, said that he could not see how there was any possibility that the rule could touch the question of Presidential succession, nor how it raised the constitutional question. There being no Vice President of the United States and the Vice-President pro tempore of the Senate being necessarily presiding officer for the next two years, the question is, whether in case of a day's sickness or a day or two's absence, the United States Senate can transact business without being compelled to oust him from the place to which it has once elected him. Under the rule, as it stands now, if the presiding officer was too sick to come to the Senate, it would be necessary, under the Chairmanship of the Secretary of the Senate, to elect a new President pro tem., and that President pro tem. would be clothed with all the powers which, under the Constitution attach to the office.

Sen. Bayard stated that the Constitution provides who the presiding officer of the Senate shall be.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, December 19.

The Senate resumed the consideration of the unfinished business of the rules.

The Senate took up the House concurrent resolution for the holiday recess, amended it to make Monday, Jan. 7, the date of reassembling, as amended agreed to it and returned to the House. After executive session, adjourned.

HOUSE.

Mr. Scales presented a certificate of the election of Mr. Skinner, Representative-elect from the First District of North Carolina.

Mr. Keifer offered a resolution referring Mr. Skinner's credentials to the Committee on Elections, with instructions to examine all facts pertaining to the vacancy. He contended that there could be no vacancy in the District Mr. Skinner claimed to represent, and to admit him would leave one County without representation, while another would have two Representatives.

Mr. Scales argued that Mr. Skinner presented an invulnerable prima facie case.

Mr. Skinner contended that the election of Mr. Skinner was in accordance with the law of his State.

Mr. Mills defended Mr. Skinner's right to his seat.

Mr. Belford said that in the blazing light of the 19th century he thought that the Republican and Democratic parties would afford to be honest. Each endured as the fortunes of the parties alternated a large number of political outrages. They have been practiced on both sides, and it was an object to conceal their commitment. Now a gentleman came to the House claiming to be a Representative-elect from North Carolina, bearing the certificate of the Governor of the State. It was his deliberate judgment that the gentleman be sworn in on a prima facie case whether Democrat, Greenbacker or Republican. He thought the position of the gentleman from Ohio (Keifer) unsound and that it could be overcome with purely logical reasoning, and if the House set itself up to repudiate the certificates of the Governors of the several States, it was committing the masterful mistake into the bosom of which, he for one, did not propose to drop. After a long discussion Mr. Keifer having withdrawn his resolution, Mr. Skinner was sworn in.

Mr. Keifer renewed his resolution, but Mr. Hiscock offered a substitute for the immediate swearing in of Mr. Skinner and a reference of the main features of the case to the Committee on Elections with instructions to report quickly.

Mr. Hiscock said it was a dangerous question as to the prima facie right of a man to a seat and warned Republicans that if Mr. Keifer's resolution was adopted the result would be that no report would be made before the end of the session, whereas the Committee on Elections could in a short time report on the questions involved in his substitute.

Mr. Hiscock's substitute was agreed to: yeas, 117, nays, 108. The bulk of the Democrats voted in the negative, and the bulk of the Republicans in the affirmative. The original resolutions, as amended, were agreed to.

Mr. Morrison offered a concurrent resolution for the holiday recess from Monday, December 24, until Thursday, January 3. Agreed to, 143 to 21, with the understanding that no business was to be transacted Monday except the appointment of Committees.

Mr. Reed offered a resolution for the creation of a Committee on the alcoholic liquor traffic.

Mr. Mills expressed his objections to sumptuary laws and inquired whether Congress could legislate what a man should eat or drink.

Mr. Vance replied that it was not the object of the resolution, which only looked to getting information upon a subject of interest to every human being on the continent. The sentiment of the people should be respected, and this Congress ought to know facts about intemperance, which wrecked so many households in the land. He hoped the representatives of the people would accord to the friends of humanity, justice, mercy and happy homes the right to be heard, and extend to the people the opportunity to gather information on a subject of such tremendous importance. [Applause.] It did not follow necessarily that there would be a prohibitory law.

Mr. Randall said that he had no hesitation in stating that in the committee he voted for a committee on the alcoholic liquor traffic. He never favored sumptuary legislation anywhere, and did not know that he ever would, but there ought to be the widest latitude on behalf of the right of petition. People who are interested in the agitation of the subject had a right to be heard, and to that extent he was willing to take the consequences and vote in the affirmative in order that they might be heard. [Applause.]

Mr Blackburn expressed himself in favor of the widest range in the right of petition, but that was not the question presented. The question was whether there should be a special committee raised to investigate the liquor traffic, and for nothing else.

The resolution was adopted—yeas, 143; nays, 88.

On motion of Mr. Willis an amendment

Mr. Blackburn also reported a resolution for raising a standing Committee on Labor to which was to be referred measures affecting labor, limiting the jurisdiction of the Committee on Education and Labor and providing that it shall hereafter be known as the Committee on Education.

Mr. Keifer reported without recommendation a resolution for the appointment of a Committee on woman suffrage.

Mr. Calkins offered a resolution, which was adopted, calling upon the Secretary of State for all communications, documents and papers in his possession relating to the trial, conviction and execution of the late Patrick O'Donnell by the British Government.

The Senate amendment to the recess resolution was concurred in.

The Speaker appointed Messrs. Hoblitzell, Cabell, Wilson, Crova, Masson and Long members of a special committee on the centennial anniversary of Washington's surrender of his commission as Commander-in-Chief of the Army. Adjourned.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20.

A message was received from the House concurring in the Senate amendment making the date of reassembling after the holidays Monday, January 7.

The Senate went into executive session, and on reopening resumed the consideration of the new rules, but after a short debate the matter was postponed till after the holiday recess.

HOUSE.

A long discussion sprang up over the resolution offered by Mr. Geddes to grant a month's extra pay to discharged employes, being advocated by Messrs. Geddes and Keifer, and opposed by Mr. Reagan on the ground that the House had no right to be charitable with other people's money, and by Mr. Cobb on the ground it would include in its provisions persons put on the rolls at the close of last session.

Mr. Reagan moved to commit the resolution to the Committee on Accounts with instructions to inquire and report whether there were persons turned out of positions at the close of last session and others put in their places who performed no duties. Agreed to—118 to 54.

Mr. Blackburn called up the report submitted yesterday, of the appointment of a Committee on Rivers and Harbors to consist of ten members.

Mr. Hoar opposed the resolution. Why was the Committee on Commerce singled out for division, and why had not the overworked Committee on Ways and Means been divided into two Committees, one on Ways and one on Means. There could be given to one Committee all bills to build up home industry, and to the other all to tear it down, and thereby both wings of the Democratic party could have a Committee. Laughter.]

Mr. Springer offered an amendment referring to the Committee on Mississippi Levees, bills making appropriations for the improvement of the Mississippi. He considered the improvement of this great highway a question of sufficient importance to be worthy of a special committee At present the Mississippi appropriation was used as a pack mule to carry through appropriations for other streams. The Mississippi River should stand on its own merits as a great national highway, and have all the fostering care that Congress could give it. The amendment was rejected and the original report adopted.

Mr. Keifer called up a resolution reported yesterday for the appointment of a Committee on Woman Suffrage.

Mr. Reagan placed his opposition to the resolution on social and constitutional grounds, and argued that a committee could not report measures which any Court could enforce, or which would not be unconstitutional. Granting the right of suffrage to women would tend to degrade them.

Mr. Belford asserted that it was competent for Congress to pass a law prohibiting the States from depriving a woman of participating in its government. If there were more female influence in the political arrangements of the country, even the morals of the House of Representatives might improve.

Mr. Keifer spoke in favor of the appointment of a special committee to which might be referred all petitions and measures pertaining to the subject of women suffrage. If it were unconstitutional to grant the right of suffrage by law, it was competent for Congress to amend the Constitution, so as to enfranchise women, and the progress of events pointed toward that advanced step in civilization. The resolution was rejected—yeas, 38; nays, 134.

Mr. Hoblitzell, from the special Committee having the matter in charge, reported a joint resolution requesting the President to issue a proclamation recommending that the people, either by appropriate exercises in connection with religious services on the 23d inst., or by such public observances as they deem proper on the 24th, to commemorate the surrender by Washington of his commission as Commander-in-Chief of the Army. The President was also requested to order a national salute from the various ports in the country on the 24th.

The joint resolution was passed.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, Dec 24.—In the Senate, Cockerell presented a memorial from merchants, manufacturers, and business men of St. Louis, opposing the repeal of the vaporizing law of 1879, which permits vinegar makers to produce low wines for the purpose of making vinegar, without payment of a United States tax.

After an Executive session, adjourned to January 7th.

HOUSE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—In the House Committees were announced as follows:

Elections—Turner (Ga.), Davis (Mo.), Converse, Cooke, Bonnett, Lowery, Elliott, Robertson (Ky.), Adams (N. Y.), Ranney, Pettibone, Miller (Pa.), Valentine, Hepburn (Iowa), and Hart.

Ways and Means—Morrison, Mills, Blount, Blackburn, Hewitt (N. Y.), Herbert, Hurd, Jones (Ark.), Kelly, Kasson (Ia.), McKinley (O.), Hiscock (N. Y.), and Russell.

Appropriations—Randall, Forney, Ellis, Holman, Hancock, Townshend, Hutchins, Follett, Barnes, Keifer, Cannon, Ryan, Calkins, Horr, and Washburn.

Judiciary—Tucker, Hammond, Culbertson (Tex.), Moulton, Broadhead, Dorsheimer, Collins, Seney, Reid (Me.), E. B. Taylor (O.), McCord, Brown (Ind.) and Poland.

Banking and Currency—Buckner, Encontrout, Potter, Hunt, Miller (Tex.), Cannier, Wilkins, Yaple, Dinkley, Brunner, Adams (Ill.), Henderson (Ia.) and Hooper.

Coinage, Weights and Measures—Bland, Dowd, Hardy, Nicholls, Pusey, Lanham, Tulley, Belford, Lacey, Chace, Everhart and Luna.

Commerce — Reagan, Clardy, Turner (Ky.), Dunn, Seymour, Glasscock, Woodward, Boyle, Barksdale, O'Neill, (Pa.), Davis (Ills.), Wadsworth, Long, Stewart (Vt.), and Peters.

Rivers and Harbors—Willis, Blanchard, Jones (Ala.), Gibson, Pankin, Breckenridge, Murphy, Sumner, Houseman, Henderson (Ills.), Bayne, Robinson (Ohio), Chace, Stone and Burleigh.

Agriculture—Hatch (Mo.), Aiken, Dirrell, Williams, Beach, Green, Winans, Miller, Patton, Cullen, Wilson (Iowa), White (Minn.), Ochiltree, Money, Stephenson, and Raymond (Dakota).

Foreign Affairs—Curtin, Belmont Deuster, Clements, Cox (N. C.), G. D. Wise (Va.), Stewart (Texas), Lamb (Ind.), Rice, Wait, Ketcham, Phelps and Hill.

Military Affairs—Rosecrans, Slocum, Dibrell, Morgan, Wolford, Nicholls, Murray, Duncan, Steele, Bayne, Lyman, Laird, Cutcheon, and Maginnis (Montana).

Naval Affairs—Cox (N. Y.), Morse, Talbott, Buchanan, Eaton, Ballentyne, McAdoo, Harmer, Thomas, Goff, and Ochiltree.

Postoffices and Post Roads—Money, Reese, Ward, Cosgrove, Riggs, Rogers (Ark.), Taylor (Tenn.), Jones (Tex.), Paige, Bingham, Peelle, Skinner (N. Y.), White (Ky.), Wakefield and McCormick.

Railways and Canals—Davidson, Hoblitzett, Murphy, Paige, Caldwell, Turner (Ky.), Wemple, Culbertson (Ky.), James, Atkinson and Hatch (Mich.).

Public Lands—Cobb, Scales, Oates, Shaw, Lewis, Henley, Van Eaton, Belford, Straight, Anderson, Bayson, and Brents (Wash. Ter.).

Indian Affairs—Wellborn, Graves, Stevens, Peel, Pearce, Finerty, Skinner (N.C.), Smith (Fa.), George, Perkins, Wilson, and Ouray (Ariz.)

Territories—Evans (S. C.), Pryor, Arnot, Hardeman, Lanlian, Alexander, Carleton, Foran, J. D. Taylor (Ohio), Kellogg, Johnson, Lawrence, Struble and Post, (W. Ter.)

Manufactures—Bagley, J. D. Wise (Va.), Mitchell, Caldwell, Crisp, Lewis, Brewer (N. J.), Mackey, Ellwood and Campbell.

Mines and Mining—Warner (Tenn.), Cassiday, Alexander, Skinner (N. C.), Miller (Tex.), Wood, Stevens, Breitung, Culbertson (Ky.), O'Hara, and Singleton (Idaho).

Levees and Improvements of Mississippi River—King, Dunn, O'Neill (Ills.), Ford, Campbell, Jones (Wis.), Henley, Thomas, J. S. Wise (Va.), Hawey, and Whiting.

Militia—Muller (N. Y.), Covington, McAdoo, Peel, Boyle, Ballentyne, Strait, Morley, Valentine and Cutcheon.

Claims—McMillan, Dowd, Tillman, Warner (Ohio), Vanalstyne, Dockery, Wood, Love, Snyder (N. M.), Ray (N. H.), Price, Ochiltree, Elwood, Brown (Pa.), and Ray (N. Y.)

War Claims—Geddes, Jones (Wis.), Stone, Tulley, Rogers (N. Y.), Weller, Farrel, Kellogg, Evernart, Rowell and Bowen.

Revision of Laws—Oates, Buchanan, McMillan, Hill, Clay, Ward, Hemphill, Brown (Pa.,) Bayne, Spooner and McComas.

Public Buildings and Grounds—Stockslayer, Young, Dibble, Reese, Hopkins, Pusey, Wemple, Worthington, Brainard, Horton, Kean, Beck, Breitung, and Milliken.

Pacific Railroads—Cassidy, Throckmorton, Cabell, Thompson, Jordan, Crisp, Post, Wilson (Ia.), Millard, Dunham and Hanback.

Expenditures in the War Department—Thompson, Farrell, Taylor (Tenn.), Elliott, Mayo, Johnson

News of the Week.

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

PARIS, Ill., Dec. 18.—Sandford Morris, with other boys, arranged a practical joke, having his two brothers, Tod and Orlando, Winston Griffin, jr., and Ben McLaughlin steal some apples. Sandford Morris and other boys were to be concealed, and at the proper time fire a gun in the air, but instead, by an almost criminal fatality, the gun was pointed directly at the boys, who were close together. Tod Morris was perforated with 51 shot, and died soon after. Orlando Morris was seriously injured, as were Griffin and McLaughlin. It is thought that Griffin will also die.

DENVER, Dec. 19.—Last Saturday Mary Kofford called on Dr. Rose, a prominent dentist of Leadville, and made the startling request that he furnish her with poison which could not be detected by autopsy, offered $500 compensation, reluctantly admitting she wished to get rid of her husband, Hans Kofford, that her husband's brother, of whom she was enamored, and herself might live together and enjoy an insurance of $5,500 which her husband carried. After making an appointment to meet both at his office last evening, the Doctor arranged with the police and several interested insurance men to be present, but concealed, at the interview. The whole diabolical plan was made known, and the man and woman immediately arrested and jailed. The parties are all Danish. The youngest brother is 30 years old, the woman 55.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., Dec. 19.—The loss by the November gales is nine vessels and 115 men, which, added to the three vessels lost in the August gales, makes a total of 12 vessels and 149 men, leaving, as far as yet ascertained, 34 widows and 88 fatherless children. This sad record casts a gloom over the community, and carries sorrow to the fireside of friends of those on board the ill-fated craft. These recurrent calamities, however, do not daunt the stout hears of old fishermen, who seem to know no fear, and their trim craft may be seen daily leaving port for these same treacherous fishing banks.

GREENVILLE, O., Dec. 18.—J. Ziegler bought 40 head of cattle of a farmer in Clinton County, Ind., in November, and forged a check for $1,800 on Fletcher's Bank in Indianapolis to pay for them. The cattle were shipped to F. F. Johnson & Co., who sold them for Ziegler, paying him the money. They afterward found that Ziegler had used their name to a forged check. Marshal Larrimore, of this place, arrested Ziegler at Mendon, Mercer County, O., yesterday. Ziegler's real name is Frank Kenedy, and his home is in Miami City.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 19.—James Weaver, a laborer, aged 60, employed at Hussey, Howe & Co.'s steel works, met a horrible death this morning. He was passing through the machinery department when his arm caught and he was drawn into the machinery. Before he could be extricated he was torn limb from limb, portions of his body being scattered a distance of 100 feet.

CLINTON, LA., Dec. 19.—Jim George, colored, residing five miles from here, returned home late last night and found his daughter, aged 17, and another woman mortally wounded. The latter has since died. The crime was committed by a man who called at the house, count the women in bed, and shot them both. Ed Eli, colored, was arrested on suspicion.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., Dec. 19.—A German named Gall, his wife and son and six men boarding with them here are all ill with trichinosis. They were affected for two weeks, but the nature of their disease was not known until to-day. They have been eating sausage made of raw pork, from hogs raised by Gall. A microscopic examination shows that the pork is fairly swarming with the trichina pest. Gall will die, as will also his son.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y., Dec. 21.—Two freight trains were telescoped to-day at the bridge across the river at Lackawaxen, Pa. The caboose and two cars mounted the engine, and were fired; three oil cars aflame were thrown in the river; two more burned on the iron bridge, which will be badly warped by fire. Passengers and baggage were transferred. The bridge will be ready for trains this afternoon.

VINCENNES, Ind., Dec. 21.—At 1 o'clock this morning Chief of Police McBride and Sheriff Kackley arrested a gang of counterfeiters. James Summers, the leader of the gang, belongs in Sullivan County, where he manufactures spurious coins. He came here yesterday with a woman named M. E. Saunders, ostensibly to marry; they failed to get a license, but registered at the hotel as man and wife, and took a room together, where the officers arrested them. John Kilforge, a Democratic ex official, and James Hart, an ex-convict, both of this city, were arrested for passing counterfeit money which they had bought of Summers. Summers had $154 of the coin on his person when arrested.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 22.—A dispatch from Chihuahua, Mex., says: The dead bodies of Michael Brennan and servant, Ramon A. Stuart, were found on the road between Parral and Batopilos. Brennan had his head split open with an axe, showing he was murdered. His partner, residing at Parral, says he started for Batopilos with a large amount of American and Mexican gold. Brennan was well known in Arizona, and has relatives in Philadelphia.

DAYTON, O., Dec. 22.—U. S. Schenck, clerk in Plant's store at Trotwood, near here, found a burglar in the store this morning, and fired and struck him in the left breast. The burglar ran a short distance, and fell exhausted. His name is W. M. Jones, alias Chas. Williams, recently from the penitentiary.

MEADVILLE, Dec. 17.—Saturday night, a worthless scoundrel named Lib Gray followed an old shoemaker named Ebron from his shop to his lodging place, and while crossing the fields fired three pistol balls into the head of the old man, and then kicking him until sure he was dead, Gray robbed the old man of his watch and money and fled. Sometime afterwards Ebron revived somewhat, and crept to a neighboring farm house, where he told his story. Pursuers were soon on the trail, and Gray was captured about midnight at the house of a friend about six miles away. On his person was found the old man's watch and purse, with the contents intact, and on the murderer's clothes were stains of blood. Gray at first denied, but afterwards confessed the crime charged against him. Gray, who is about 25 years old, was lodged in jail to-day. His victim, Andrew Abron, a Scotchman, and unmarried, is about 60 years old, a quiet and industrious man. His recovery is deemed impossible.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Dec. 23.—A Jewish school and synagogue, at Galata, a suburb of Constantinople, has been burned.

LATER.—The fire broke out in the basement of the German Israelite school house. The flames spread with such rapidity as to prevent a majority of the children escaping through the doors. Many were thrown or leaped from upper windows into blankets in the street below. Many were thus injured. Nineteen charred bodies were recovered; thirty altogether are missing. The directress of the school, seized with fright, threw herself from the window and was killed.

BOSTON, Dec. 22.—Asa Baker, who is sentenced for life for murdering his wife, has made a confession. He arranged a meeting with his wife on the spot where her body was found, and fired five shots into her body. She revived, and asked him for a drink of water. He told her the shooting was accidental, and seized a rock and smashed her skull, killing her.

GOSHEN, Vt., Dec. 24.—William Catlin, a farmer, died under circumstances indicative of poisoning. December 1 Catlin was taken ill, and arsenic in solution was administered by his wife by mistake. She claims eneties were given Catlin and he recovered. On the 7th he was again taken ill, and died yesterday, after being treated for typhoid fever. An autopsy has been ordered. Since his death there are rumors of undue intimacy of Mrs. Catlin and Ayer, a farm hand.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 20.—The President of the defunct Depere bank, H. R. Jones, was arrested to-day on complaint of Newbauer & Co., of Nicolet, who allege that Jones received a deposit of $750 at 9 o'clock Saturday, when the insolvency of the bank was declared at 3 by the protest of Mrs. C. D. Robinson's certificate of deposit for $600. Jones gave bonds for $1,000 to appear at the next term of the Circuit Court. He claims that Mrs. Robinson's certificate went to protest at 3:55, and that Newbauer's deposit was received at 3:35.

NEW ALBANY, Ind., Dec. 24.—The bridge over Blue River, on the L., N. A. & C. R. R., about a mile and a half south of Salem, washed away this morning. The southbound train ran into the washout, killing Charles Sanford, train baggage master, of this City, and a lady named Dora Eddings, of Lafayette, and four passengers, names not learned, and wounded John Vaughn, engineer, his fireman, and eight passengers, names not learned yet.

The train consisted of one taggage car, two coaches and one sleeper, with baggage and express matter. A special train, with officers and assistance, left Louisville about 11:30 A. M. for the wreck.

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 24.—Two trains on he Indianapolis & St. Louis Railroad met on a bridge near Avon, last night. Robert Madris, a brakeman, was fatally injured, and Conductor Brown slightly hurt. All trains are delayed.

SAN ANTONIO, Dec. 24.—Mrs. Christian, who, some time ago, was charged by several newspapers in this State with having poisoned Colbaugh, a prominent attache of the Press and Rio Grande Railroad, it being said at the time that Colbaugh was her seventh victim, has been arrested here on the charge of causing the death, a few days ago, of Louis Brunner. She was Brunner's mistress. The morning before he died they had quarreled, which resulted in her leaving the house. It is given out that Brunner's death resulted from painter's colic. An analysis of his stomach is now progressing by direction of the County Judge. Notwithstanding the woman's alleged record, this is the first time she has been arrested.

Minor Mentions.

At Holbrook, Mass., Beecher's boot and shoe factory burned. Loss, $18,000; insurance, $13,000.

W. H. Kingsley, grain merchant of Allenville, Ill., has failed; liabilities, $26,000; assets, $13,000.

Suit has been brought against B. T. Babbitt, the soap man, for $100,000 damages, for conspiring to ruin a young girl.

John Hennessey, discount clerk of Banque Du Peuple, Montreal, is a defaulter to the extent of $15,000. His uncle has made good the deficiency.

The private banking house of R. Jones, Defere, Wis., has suspended payment. Liabilities, $30,000 to $60,000; assets unknown, but believed to be very small.

Guilford Soon, colored, was hanged at Kingston, N. C., for brutally outraging Widow Jones in May last. The execution was witnessed by several thousand persons.

Edward G. Rough, the discharged stage carpenter, who was tried for firing the Casino theater, pleaded guilty to an attempt at arson, and was sentenced to States prison for seven years.

Major Couper, Chief Engineer of the Florida Southern Railroad, was fatally stabbed by a tie contractor named Burchfield, in a quarrel at Leesburg.

While playing ball near Paris, Ill., the bat slipped from the hands of Bruce Shirley, striking a boy named Asa Maples, 16 years old, bursting his eyeball, from the effect of which he died.

Lizzie Moyer, employed in the Ohio Paper Mills, at Miamisburg, was caught in the shafting and had both legs broken above the knees in a horrible manner. Her injuries will probably prove fatal.

At Seabrook, N. H., Calvin Eaton, Constable, was shot by Edward Doo. They met on the road, greeting each other pleasantly; when parting Doo shot Eaton twice in the back, inflicting fatal wounds.

Young Harry Griffith, of Petersburg, Ind., while on his way home from the store in which he was employed, was murdered and robbed within 40 feet of his own door. A loafer named Harvey has been arrested on suspicion.

Mrs. Judith Fitzpatrick, a widow, aged 70, living near Lecompton, Kan., was murdered at her home Tuesday night and an attempt made to burn the house, with the evident purpose of concealing the crime. The motive is supposed to be robbery, as the old lady was known to have several hundred dollars.

Henry Probst shot and seriously wounded Mary Hammer, at Wehleman Station, three miles from Belleville, Ills., because she wouldn't marry him, then fled to Belleville, where he was arrested. While struggling with the Deputy Sheriff, he attempted to shoot the officer over his shoulder, but the ball entered his own neck, killing him almost instantly.

The negro, "Big Ike," who, while attempting to burglarize the bank at Durango last week, shot Heads Brace Hunt, son of ex-Gov. Hunt, died in the jail at Durango from injuries purposely inflicted on himself in jumping headlong from a 40 foot embankment to avoid being captured alive. Just before he died he made a confession implicating four others. All are under arrest.

Lillie Simott, daughter of a wealthy New York liquar dealer, was probably fatally shot by Sarah Clancey, a servant of the family. Lillie went to the kitchen to attend to some household duty. Soon after a pistol shot was heard. She was found lying on the floor unconscious with a bullet wound below the right eye. It is thought the shooting was accidental. The servant has disappeared.

A Vigorous Kick.

SCOTTDALE, Pa., Dec. 23.—War against Hungarians was inaugurated to-night, and the following circular was posted throughout Coke County.

Citizens of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvana

One of the most degrading impositions on the people of this Commonwealth is the wholesale importation of Slavonians (erroneously known as Hungarians) into the Connellsville Coke region, a pernicious custom which must immediately end, and the serfs returned, the following being the reasons:

Those beings are crowding out our miners and laborers, who are established and good citizens, from their employment and homes. They will not become naturalized citizens but for a limited time, and will return to Hungary with what cash they can save, thereby draining the district of many thousand dollars annually. They are of extremely filthy habits, living on what American people would not eat. Their morals are the lowest of any Caucasian race, being the lowest of any class of laborers who ever inhabited a country, living in a state of promiscuity, regardless of marital relations and are unscrupulous in all their transactions. Their intelligence is the lowest in the scale of any class of people in the country to-day. Only about five per cent of them can read and write, being far below the average Ohinaman. Much time and labor has been lost by all classes in trying to elevate this people against their will, but all are without avail. Their habits grow worse the longer they stay, until they can no longer be endured, and forbearance has ceased to be a virtue. People who are degrading American labor, and are an injury to our commerce and a blot on the Commonwealth, should not be endured. American labor as well as American manufacture must be protected. CITIZENS.

Wanted to See the Pretty Christmas Things.

NEW YORK, Dec. 21.—Annie Bowald, a black-eyed country girl, 14 years old, left her home in Concord, Staten Island, Monday morning after breakfast, and took some milk to Dr. H. Beyer's house at 94 Beach street, Stapleton. She did not return home, and her parents were unable to find her. At 11 o'clock that night John Bowald, the girl's grandfather, was awakened by the dog's barking in the yard. He looked out and saw a milk pail on the front gate. When he took the pail off the gate he discovered a child's footprints in the snow. Following them, he came upon Annie nestled in a fence corner. Her face and hands were purple and swollen from the cold. He carried her home. She would not talk about her absence, and would hardly speak at all. She sat two days with a dejected face, knitting on a pair of wristlets. When she became weary of her needles she would play with the house cat and dog.

Annie said to a reporter yesterday, after some coaxing: "I found 20 cents. I wanted so much to see the pretty Christmas things in New York that I couldn't help running away to town. I looked in windows all day. I had my pail on my arm. I left it on the gate at night, and went away because I felt wicked. I was almost asleep on the snow when grandpa found me."

A Life of Torture Ended in an Insane Asylum.

CHARLOTTE, N. Y., Dec. 18.—The death is reported here of Martin C. Battles, who has for years lived a life of torture in the insane asylum. He is about 42 years of age, and 20 years ago lived on his father's farm in this town. A young man named Cornelius Lynch also worked on the farm, and there was in the family a young girl named Sarah Avon. Both young Battles and the hired man fell in love with her, and after a quarrel about her, Battles lay in wait for his rival and shot and killed him. He was convicted of the crime and sentenced, under a law then in force in this State, to one year's imprisonment in Auburn Prison, and then to be hanged. Battles' counsel held the law unconstitutional, and carried the case to the Court of Appeals, where it was decided in favor of Battles, and he was set at liberty. He enlisted in the army, and at the end of the war returned to his home. His condition was pitiable, for he was constantly haunted by his crime, and talked of nothing else. He said that he had enlisted with the hope that he might be killed, as he had not the courage to kill himself. He regretted that the court had interfered with the execution of his sentence, and tried to have the case reopened that he might be placed on trial again and resentenced. He brooded over the memory of his crime until he became a maniac, and he was placed in the asylum. He imagined that his victim was constantly in his cell, mocking and torturing him in many ways, and that he could never die, but was sentenced to be eternally punished by this presence of the murdered man. His hair turned white before he was 25, and when he died he had the appearance of a man of 70 years.

Testing the Cantalever Bridge—10,000 People Present.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE, N. Y., Dec. 20.—The formal opening of the Cantalever Bridge to-day was a perfect success. Testing its strength was by running on 20 locomotives and 24 cars loaded with gravel, which extended from end to end of the bridge on both tracks. There was no appreciable deflection. Levels were taken at intervals by a commission selected from 300 engineers. Ten thousand people witnessed the opening. A banquet followed.

Behind the Scenes.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 23.—The following are extracts from the Colton Hunting correspondence relative to the Texas Pacific subsidy scheme, all dated New York, from Huntington Colton:

"I have had a talk with Bristow, Secretary of the Treasury, and he will be likely to help fix our matters with the Government on a fair basis. Scott has switched off Sen. Spencer of Alabama, and Walker, of Virginia, this week, but you know they can be switched back with proper arrangements when wanted. All members of the House from California are doing first rate except Piper. I wish you would write a letter to Luttrell, saying that I say he is doing first rate and he is very able. There have been several hitches in the Interior Department in relation to the last section completed west of Goshen, which went to the Secretary, and he put the thing in shape so that I think we will not have further trouble."

"March, 14, 1877.—After the Senate Railroad Committee was made up, Scott went to Washington to get one of our men off and one of his put on, but did not give him the commission. Gordon, of Georgia, was taken off, and Bogy, of Missouri, was put on. May 7, 1877.—Notice what you say of Conover, the Florida Senator. He is a clever fellow, but don't go any money on him. I think that if any Republican is elected in Sargent's place, he (sargeut) is worth to us if he comes back as our friend, as much as six new men, and he should be returned."

"May 15, 1877.—I am glad you are paying attention to General Taylor and Mr. Kasson. Taylor can do us much good in the South. I think he would like to get a po sition with us in California. Mr. Kasson has always been our friend in Congress, and as he is a very able man he has been able to do us much good. He has never lost us one dollar, and I have written you before about Senator Conover. He may want to borrow some money. I don't see how we can let him have any in California. I have just given Senator Ingalls, Kansas, a letter to you. He is a good fellow, can do us much good, I think is well disposed toward us. Senator Morton is coming over also. His brother-in-law Burbank and he are good fellows, but B. means business."

"October 10, 1877.—Went to Washington night before last. Think I have the bridge question settled for the present. The Secretary of War told me they had it up in two Cabinet meetings and had concluded not to do anything, as Congress would come together next year. I got him out of that idea in about 20 minutes. Then I saw three others of the Cabinet. We then went and saw the President. He was a little cross at first, but we soon got him over it."

"October 29, 1877.—I think Stafford better be in Washington at the commencement of the session to get Congress to confirm the acts in Arizona; saw Axtell, Governor of New Mexico, and he said he thought if we would send to him such a bill as we wanted passed, he could get it passed with very little or no money, when, if we sent a man there, they will stick him for large amounts. He said if you would make a bill and send it to him or Mr. Waldron it could be passed."

"October 30, 1877.—The committees are made up for the Forty-fifth Congress. Think the Railroad Committee is all right, but the Committee on Territories I do not like. A different one was promised me November 24, 1877, when I heard that one of the Commissioners was to go from this side. I made objections which I would not have done if I had known that it was Sturgis, that has been so long in the Interior Department, and I hope to explain to him, as he is one of best men in that Department of the Government, and can do us good in our land matter."

"December 5, 1877.—Have just received a telegram from Washington that Matthews and Windom have been put upon Senate Railway Committee in place of Howe and Ferry. This looks as though the Texas Pacific had control of the Senate as far as the appointing committees is concerned."

"December 18, 1879.—Jay Gould went to Washington about two weeks since, and I know he saw Mitchell, the Senator from Oregon, since which time money has been used very freely in Washington, and some parties have been hard at work for T. and P. and N. P., with the Salt Lake branch, that never work, except for ready cash, and Sen. Mitchell is not for us, as he was, although he says he is, but I know he is not."

"June 14, 1878.—Fremont has been appointed Governor of Arizona. I shall give him passes. I think it important for you to see him on his arrival. See that he does not fall in the hands of bad men. He is very friendly to us now. Scott tried hard to defeat his being confirmed."

December Floods.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 24.—The rain ceased during the night. The Ohio River is rising rapidly to-day.

The Licking River began to pour out early this morning.

The steamer "Champion," with eight or nine coal barges, broke from her moorings in the Licking, and was swept down the river. The steamer had no steam up and was helpless. Other steamers have gone in pursuit, but have not yet been heard from. Much loss from flooded cellars and broken roofs is reported.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 24.—The storm prostrated wires in all directions, but no serious accidents are reported. At 2 o'clock the Monongahela River is rising rapidly. Reports from headwaters indicate a large volume of water coming, and a flood is probable. The Allegheny River is stationary.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 24.—All freight trains on the Louisville & Nashville Road have stopped, and no passenger train from the south had reached Newport at 1 P. M. today.

The roof of Harper's rolling mill, Newport, was crushed by snow, involving considerable loss.

The Cincinnati & Portsmouth Narrow Gauge Railroad bridge and the long iron trestle near California were torn down by the flood on the Little Miami at noon.

The Ohio street tunnels, on the Cincinnati Northern Railroad, caved in and all trains have stopped.

Four hundred barrels of molasses at the foot of Sycamore street, consigned to the Little Miami, and Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railroads, were swept away by the rise in the Ohio River. The river is rising a foot an hour.

Farmer's Union.

WINNIPEG, Dec. 19.—The Farmers' meeting opened this morning. Delegates from all parts of the province submitted their credentials and pressed the views of the meeting which they represented. A committee was appointed to draft a constitution and resolutions. Some delegates advocated the use of force by the Federal Government to recognize the rights of Manitoba, urging that, in the event of failure in this, the withdrawal of the province from the Confederation. The introduction of politics into the movement was generally condemned. The feeling of the meeting was in favor of all legitimate efforts to secure a redress of grievances. The latter was freely discussed, and the evil effects of railroad monopoly, duty on agricultural implements, building material, necessary articles of food and clothing, were unanimously condemned.

The committee submitted a constitution and resolutions at the evening session. Their discussion was commenced, and is now going on. The discussion will continue to-morrow, after which the resolutions as amended, will be adopted. The name of the organization is to be the Manitoba and Northwest Farmers' Union.

A Novel Suit Decided.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 20.—In the Superior Court Judge Fisher rendered an opinion in the case of Tagart, executor of the will of the late Zenus Barnum vs. Frank Barnum and others and the Mayor and City Council of Baltimore. The bill was filed by the executor for a construction of the will of Zenus Barnum, who bequeathed his entire estate to Tagart in trust for the benefit of his brother, Frank Barnum, but provided that upon his said brother becoming a priest or member of any society or order of the Roman Catholic Church, the estate should pass to the Mayor and City Council of Baltimore for the benefit of the McDonough Institute. Frank Barnum having become a member of the order of Jesuits, the City claimed the fund for the purposes declared by testator, but the brothers and sisters of the testator claimed that the devise to the City is void, and therefore the estate, being undisposed of, descends to the heirs and next of kin. Decree was made in favor of the Mayor and City Council for the McDonough Institute.

Found Her Diamond in a Box of Beer.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 18.—A queer story of the loss and recovery of a diamond ring has come to light here. Some time ago a prominent First Ward belle called at the Central Station and reported the loss of a diamond ring valued at $350, which she claimed had been stolen from her room. The detectives were set at work on the case and shadowed several suspected persons for days without avail. Late last week the young lady called at the Central Station and said that she had just recalled to mind placing the ring for a moment on a case of empty beer bottles, since which time she had no recollection of it. An officer was at once dispatched to the South Side brewery, and after a long search the ring was found in the bottom of a case of bottled beer.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

There were 15 deaths from yellow fever at Havana last week.

Yellow fever is increasing at Rio Janeiro and the heat is suffocating.

Steamship lines have reduced third-class fares from Europe to $20, in the war of rates.

Buffalo has subscribed $113,041.50 towards a young men's Christian Association building.

The injury to the Czar by being thrown from his sledge is not considered endangering his life.

The North German Gazette confirms reports that the Pope's reception of the German Crown Prince was very cordial.

John W. Garrett, of Baltimore, has sent his check for $4,000 as a Christmas gift to the "Poor Association" of that City.

Eight business houses, including the Independent newspaper office, were destroyed by fire at Steubenville, Mo. Loss, $50,000.

Robert Bonner offered $20,000 for the four-year-old Anteco, owned by J. C. Simpson, of San Francisco, but the sum was refused.

It is estimated that 200 miles of fencing has been destroyed by wire-cutters in the region west of San Antonio, Texas, in the past 15 days.

The Washington Republican says Conkling has no more part in any Presidential plans than he has in the management of Barnum's circus.

The Salvation Army has made 11 converts at Lawrence, Mass., and has received sufficient contributions to provide comfortable quarters for a year.

Gordon, Barker & Co., millers, of Sparta, Ill., have assigned. Liabilities, $160,000. Assets, $110,000. Liabilities chiefly in New Orleans and Sparta.

Eight thousand persons in Wisconsin and Illinois have sent Rep. Deuster a petition asking a pension of $8 per month for all Union soldiers of the late war.

Richmond Clapp, a soldier in the war of 1812, died near Painesville, O., to which point he first made his way from New Hampshire with an ox team in 40 days.

Strawberries are in the Savannah market. Although very early in the season, the fruit is grown in open ground just east of the City. The market opens at $1 a basket.

A citizen of Joliet, named Sullivan, kept $1,740 in gold concealed in a stocking among some old clothes, but discovered last Saturday that his treasure had disappearep.

John Swinton has challenged Wm. H. Vanderbilt to a debate, in the Madison Square Garden, as to the legality of Wm. Vanderbilt's claim to the fortune of $200,000,000 which he is enjoying.

Manufacturers of land plaster in Michigan have agreed upon $1.25 per ton as the price of land plaster by the carload on track for the season of 1884. This is one-half the lowest price of last year.

In the divorce case of Martin vs. Martin, Chicago, the point turned on whether being drunk three times in two years made a man a common drunkard. The jury decided that it did not, and there was no divorce.

Rev. Mr. Stoddard, in delivering a lecture against Masonry, at Newfane, New York, exhibited a huge stone with an iron staple, which he claimed was the weight used in sinking the corpse of Wm. Morgan in the Niagara river.

At Belgrade, at the feast of St. Nicholas, King Nulaer pardoned 400 peasants convicted of connection with the recent revolt. The Royal Commission passed severe sentences on clergymen and teachers guilty of complicity in the rebellion.

Word is received from Tobermorry, Lake Huron, of the wrecking on Manitoulin Island of the schooner "D. S. Hungerford" of Buffalo. The crew of six built a tent and were on the island 19 days, and finally reached Tobermorry in an old fishing boat.

Applications for the medical and surgical history of the war are numerous and the earlier volumes are exhausted. The desire for copies is so general that Congressman Maybury will introduce a resolution for the printing of a new edition of 25,000 copies.

The Secretary of the Interior has suspended from practice before the Pension Office, N. G. Fitzgerald, S. C. Fitzgerald, Fitzgerald & Co., and A. B. Webb, pension attorneys, pending the disposition of indictments returned against them by the Grand Jury charging fraudulent practice.

The decree withdrawing the prohibition against American pork was discussed in the French Chamber of Deputies, and a vote taken, which the Minister of Commerce concedes will restore the prohibition. The Minister declared in the Chamber that the opposition to American meats originated with interested parties.

Judge Hoffman, of the United States District Court at San Francisco, practically decided in the Chinese traders' habeas corpus case, that if a Chinaman, a laborer in his own country, came to this country with the purpose, according to the testimony adduced, of going into merchandising business, he is under United States laws a merchant.

It is now said the object tied around the waist of the wounded Captain of the ill-fated steamship St. Augustine was not a heavy weight, but a life buoy, which was fastened around him in hopes of keeping him afloat. The Captain attempted to swim to the vessel, but sank, owing to weakness from the loss of blood, after a hard struggle of 15 minutes.

A statement having been published to the effect that Gen. R. S. MacKenzie, commanding the Department of Texas, being in failing health, contemplated retiring from service, Adjutant General Williams is authority for the statement that Gen. MacKenzie is sick, and owing to that fact has been temporarily relieved from command at San Antonio. The details of his sickness are not yet known.

The statement that Gov. Hendricks has gone abroad for medical advice or treatment is denied by members of his family, and the story is known to his friends to be untrue. He will not visit London, and the party will not be in Paris more than two or three days. It is purely a pleasure trip for the whole party. Mr. Hendricks is in as robust health now as he has been at any time within the past 10 years.

The American Iron and Steel Association states that price are about steady, and, owing to the restriction of production, it is likely there will be no further depression. The laboring classes of the country realize the changed conditions of trade and appreciate that wages have not declined in proportion to the fall in prices. The present price of steel rails is $20.50. The consumption of iron and steel is about equal to the output.

The Secretary of the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church says, regarding the mission and school at Fort Wrangel, Alaska, that there have been some differences as to the methods of work and some unpleasantness and excitement in the school and town, which they depiore, but that the account sent out from San Francisco alleging that there had been prostitution in the school, and that one of the missionaries claimed to be a second Christ, was wholly untrue.

A patent medicine firm in Western New York mailed a gaudy-covered circular, a few days ago, to the address of every name in the Boston directory. The newspaper mail was encumbered with 32 bushel sacks of the documents, and the carriers were in despair at the prospect. Special Agent Field, however, discovered that each of the pamphlets contained also a circular advertising a lottery. The case was referred to the Postmaster General, and he directed that the entire lot be returned by express to Buffalo at the expense of the firm mailing them. It is not improbable that prosecution will be made in the United States Court.

The United States Consul at Giessa, Russia, has forwarded to the State Department a report of the petroleum development in Russia, in which he says: The residuum of oil is much greater than that found in the States, and besides is being converted into benzine, gasoline and various other products, and used as fuel with a steam jet on locomotives, and also on steamers in the Caspian Sea, the Volga and other rivers, and experiments are in progress to utilize it in the new torpedo boats now in course of construction for the Russian navy. Crude oil is also used to sprinkle the streets of Baku, and is much more effectual than water in laying the terrible dust which exists there.

Not Bill Younger.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 24.—A special from Chattanooga says Bill Younger was arrested at Warren, Ala., Saturday, and confessed his identity to a reporter. He stated he had been associated with Jesse James, but denied the James brothers were concerned in the Muscle Shoals robbery.

A special from Jefferson City, referring to this arrest, says the prisoner is not Bill Younger, but Clifton Hyde, who killed Bob Cummins at Madison, Monroe County, Mo., May 36. Gov. Crittenden has a dispatch from Sheriff Foute, announcing the arrest of Ware.

[Bob Younger is the last of the notorious Younger Brothers, who were in the same gang with the James Brothers, and equaled them in devilishness. A few years ago the Younger Brothers attempted to rob a bank in Northfield, Minn. The citizens turned out, killed one of them, and hunted down and captured all the rest, except this one, who made his escape, and has not since been heard from. The other brothers are at hard labor in the Minnesota Penitentiary at Stillwater.]

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE CAPTURE OF SONTAY.

PARIS, Dec. 20.—Admiral Peyron, Minister of Marine, has received the following telegram from Admiral Courbet, dated before Sontay, December 16:

"The expedition left Hanoi on the 11th and captured Fort Phu and all the earthworks on the bank of the river opposite Sontay. The enemy were very well armed and resisted desperately. The condition and spirits of the French troops are excellent. To day we commence the attack on Sontay."

SAIGON, Dec. 20.—According to advices from Hue of the 14th, Yoc Doc is proclaimed King of Anam. The natives are greatly excited, and an attack on the French Legation was feared. The firm attitude of Champeax, the French resident, alone prevented an attack. One hundred and fifty reinforcements were sent to Hue from Fort Thuanan. It is considered urgently necessary to occupy Hue with a sufficient force to withstand any attack made on the French. No resistance, however, is expected on the part of the natives.

The principal fighting occurred on the river bank, and several villages were captured at the point of the bayonet. The French advanced with a mile of the citadel, but there will probably be very heavy fighting before they reach the place. The Chinese lost heavily from the shells of the fleet.

PARIS, Dec. 21.—Admiral Peyron, Minister of Marine, has received the following from Sontay, dated the 17th: "Sontay is ours. The attack began at 11 in the morning. The assault was made at 5 in the evening, with bravery above all promise, by the Foreign Legion, together with the marine infantry and sailors. The flotilla assisted at the bombardment. The citadel was evacuated during the night and occupied on the morning of the 17th without fighting. We do not know whither the Black Flags, rebel Anamites and Chinese have fled. It is impossible to learn their losses. We lost about 15 killed, including one officer, and 60 wounded, including five officers."

HONG KONG, Dec. 20.—The French have captured the principal outposts of Sontay, embracing five strongly fortified villages. The enemy made a stubborn resistance. The French lost 200 men and 15 officers killed and wounded. Admiral Courbet, commanding, had 7,000 men, 4,000 of whom were engaged in the action, the remainder in reserve. The Chinese still hold the fortress of Sontay.

PARIS, Dec. 20.—Reinforcements of 6,300 troops go to Tonquin the next fortnight.

DE LONG'S REMAINS.

IRKUTSK, Dec. 21.—The remains of DeLong and others of the "Jeannette," have arrived. The remains were borne in a procession through the streets, escorted by a detachment of troops. A multitude joined the cortege, and many wreaths were placed on the coffins, and printed copies of poems, describing the exploits and unhappy end of the party, were distributed among the crowd. The remains will be taken to America.

A RIOT OVER NICKEL MONEY.

MEXICO, Dec. 21.—Refusal to receive nickel money in the City markets this morning, caused quarrels, resulting in firing, and cries of "down with nickel." The panic spread and all business houses were closed. A mob passed through the streets breaking lamps and windows. The troops fired blank catridges at the mob, and the cavalry charged the crowd, and order was finally restored without bloodshed. Troops are patrolling the streets.

STEAMER BURNED AT SEA.

LONDON, Dec. 20.—A portion of the crew of the Spanish mail steamer "St. Augustine," from Manilla for Liverpool, have arrived at Dartmouth, and report that the steamer took fire Sunday last in the Bay of Biscay, when 82 of the crew and passengers took to boats. The first boat reached an English brig, and the second returned to the burning vessel. The third has not been heard from. The fourth contained the 14 persons landed at Dartmouth. When these left the burning steamer there were 30 people on board. It is thought they were rescued, as a steamer was seen bearing down toward the burning steamer.

THE CHURCH AND THE FENIANS.

ROME, Dec. 21.—The American Bishops agreed upon the attitude to be adopted by the Catholic clergy of the United States towards Fenians.

THE NEW KING OP ANNAM.

PARIS, Dec. 23.—The Governor of French Cochin-China reports that the new Council of the Regency of Hue have notified him that Hiephema has abdicated the throne of Annam and the new King, aged 15, was crowned December 31 under the name of Kienphua. The Annamite Minister of Finance, who is hostile to the French, then became the head of the Council. The crisis lasted several hours, during which the gates of the citadel were closed and Hue placed in a state of siege. When the gates were re-opened the death of Hiephema was announced. The country was agitated, and armed bands occupied the suburbs of Hue, threatening the French Legation. Champeaux, French resident, has since reported a state of affairs. He advises the strong pressure he exercised on the Council, and refuses to open relations with Kienphua until recognized by France.

PARNELL'S PLAN.

LONDON, Dec. 24.—Mr. Parnell intends to summon a conference of the Irish Parliamentary party for the 5th of February in Dublin., in order to concert a plan of campaign in the next session of Parliament.

EARTHQUAKE.

LISBON, Dec. 23.—There were two earthquakes Saturday. The first was not generally noticed. The second lasted 12 seconds, being accompanied by heavy grumblings, awaking the population and causing a panic. Some damage was done to old buildings and chimneys, and at Setabol, 18 miles southeast, the shock was so severe that many inhabitants rushed to the seashore.

Ex-Sen. Spencer.

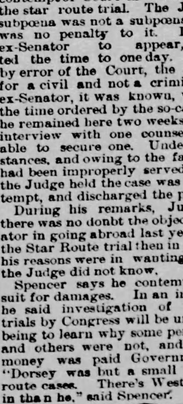
WASHINGTON, Dec. 22.—In the Criminal Court, Judge Wylie rendered a decision in the case of ex-Sen. Spencer, charged with contempt of Court in failing to appear in the star route trial. The Judge held the subpœna was not a subpœna, because there was no penalty to it. It ordered the ex-Senator to appear, but limited the time to one day. The subpœna, by error of the Court, the Judge said, was for a civil and not a criminal case. The ex-Senator, it was known, was here before the time ordered by the so-called subpœna; he remained here two weeks; had sought an interview with one counsel, but was unable to secure one. Under these circumstances, and owing to the fact the subpœna had been improperly served and returned, the Judge held the case was not one of contempt, and discharged the prisoner.

During his remarks, Judge Wylie said there was no donbt the object of the ex-Senator in going abroad last year was to avoid the Star Route trial then in progress. What his reasons were in wanting to avoid trial, the Judge did not know.

Spencer says he contemplates bringing suit for damages. In an interview to-day he said investigation of the star route trials by Congress will be urged, the object being to learn why some persons were tried and others were not, and why so much money was paid Government attorneys. "Dorsey was but a small fry in the star route cases. There is Western men deeper than he," said Spencer.

The Striking Engineers.

WINNIPEG, Dec. 22.—The striking engineers met Supt. Eagen and proposed to go to work in a body. Eagen refused to reinstate those who deserted trains and subjected the property of the Company to injury. There is little chance of a settlement now. Many of the engineers are leaving for the States. A new driver from Montreal who arrived yesterday was assaulted by the strikers.



The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, WEDNESDAY, Dec. 26, 1883.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday:

Loans increase	$ 770,300
Specie, increase	3,060,800
Legal tenders, decrease	622,800
Deposits increase	3,199,300
Circulation, increase	44,100
Reserve, increase	1,638,175

The banks are $6,894,750 in excess of legal requirements.

To-day's reports up to the latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE say money is easy at 2@2½ ₱ cent on call. Prime mercantile paper,